CERTAIN ELEGIES,

DONE

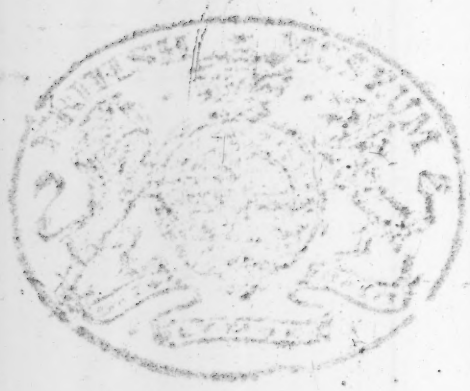
BY SVNDRIE

Excellent Wits.

WITH

Satyres and Epigrames.

LONDON,
Printed by *B: A:* for *Miles Partriche*, and are to be ſolde at his ſhoppe neare Saint *Dunſtons* Church in Fleet-ſtreete. 1618.



An Elegie by F.B.

SO Madam may my verſes pleaſing be,
So may you laugh at them, and not at me.
Tis ſomething to you I would gladly ſay,
But how to doe it, cannot finde the way:
I would auoyde the common troden wayes,
To Ladyes vſ'd, which be or loue or prayſe:
As for the firſt, that little wit I haue,
Is not yet growne ſo neere vnto the graue,
But that I can by that dim-fading light.
Perceiue of what, and vnto whom I write:
Let ſuch as in a hopeleſſe, witleſſe rage,
Can ſigh a quire, and reade it to a page,
Such as can make ten Sonets ere they reſt,
When each is but a a great blot at the beſt,
Such (as) can backes of bookes, and windows fill,
With their (too furious Diamond and Quill)
Such as are well reſolued to end their dayes,
With a loude laughter blowne behind the Sea:
Such as are mortified, that they can liue,

Laught at by all the world, and yet forgiue,
Write loue to you, I would not willingly,
Be pointed at in euery company,
As was that little Tayler, who till death
Was hote in loue with Queene *Elizaberh*.
And for my laſt, in all my liuing dayes,
I neuer yet did liuing creature prayſe,
In verſe, nor proſe, and when I doe beginne,
Ile picke ſome woman out, as full of ſinne,
As you are full of vertue, with a ſoule
As blacke as yours is white, a face as foule,
As yours is beautifull, for it ſhall be
Out of the rules of *Phyſiognomie*.
So farre, that I doe feare, I muſt diſplace,
The arte a little, to let in the face.
It ſhall at leaſt fower faces bee below,
The Diuels and her parched corpes ſhall ſhow
In hir looſe skin, as if ſome ſpirit ſhe were,
Kept in a bagge, by ſome great Coniurer:
Her breath ſhall be as horrible and vilde,
As euery word you ſpeake is ſweet and milde:
It ſhall be ſuch a one, as will not be,
Couered with any art or policie.
But let her take all waters, fumes and drinke,
Shee ſhall make nothing but a dearer ſtinke.
She ſhall haue ſuch a face, and ſuch a noſe,
As will not ſtand in any thing but proſe:
If I beſtow my prayſes vpon ſuch,

Tis Charity, and I ſhall merite much,
My prayſe will come to her like a full bowle,
Beſtow'd at moſt need on a thirſty ſoule,
Where if I ſing your praiſes in my ryme,
I looſe my incke, my paper and my time,
Adde nothing to your euer flowing ſtore,
And tell you noughts but what you knew before,
Nor doe the vertuous minded, which I ſweare
Madam, I thinke you are, delight to heare
Their owne perfections into queſtion brought,
But ſtoppe their eares at them, for if I thought
You tooke a pride, to haue your vertues knowne,
(Pardon me Madam) I ſhould thinke them none,
But if your braue thoughts (which I muſt reſpect
Aboue your glorious titles) ſhall accept
Theſe harſh diſordered lines, I ſhall ere long
Dreſſe vp your vertues new, in a new ſong:
Yet far from all baſe prayſe of flatterie.
Although I know what ere my verſes be,
They will like the moſt ſeruile flatterie ſhew,
If I write truth, and make my ſubiect you.

Fr. Beau:

An Elegie on the Lady Penelope Clifton. By M.Dr.

MVſt I needes write, who's he that can refuſe?
He wants a mind for her that hath no Muſe
The thought of her doth heau'nly rage inſpire.
Next powerfull to thoſe clouen tongues of fire,
Since I knew ought, time neuer did allow,
Me ſtuffe fit for an Elegie till now.
When *France* and *Englands Henries* dy'de my quill,
Why I know not, but it that while lay ſtill,
Tis more then greatneſſe that my ſpirit muſt rayſe,
To obſerue cuſtome I vſe not to prayſe,
Nor the leaſt thought of mine yet ere depended
On any one from whom ſhe was deſcended,
That for their fauour I this way ſhould wooe,
As ſome poore wretched thing perhaps may doe.
I gaine the end whereat I onely ayme,
If by my freedome I may giue her fame i
Walking then forth, being newly vp from bed,
(Oh) Sir quoth one, the Lady *Clifton's* dead,

When

When but that reaſon my ſterne rage withſtood,
My hand had ſure beene guilty of his bloud.
If ſhee bee ſo, muſt thy rude tongue confeſſe it,
And com'ſt thou too ſo coldly to expreſſe it.
Thou ſhoul'dſt haue giuẽ a ſhrike to make me feare
That might haue ſlain what euer had bin neer thee
Thou ſhould'ſt haue com'n like *Time* with thy ſcalpe
And in both hands thou ſhould'ſt haue brought thy
Caſting vpon me ſuch a dreadfull looke,
As ſeene a ſpirit, or th'adſt beene thunder ſtrook
And gazing on me ſo a little ſpace,
Thou ſhould'ſt haue ſhot thine eye-balls in my face
Then falling at my feet thou ſhould'ſt haue ſayd,
(Oh) ſhe is gone, and Nature with her dead.
With this ill newes amaz'd, by chance I paſt
By that neere groue, whereas both firſt and laſt
I ſaw her, not three months before ſhe dy'd,
When though full ſummer gan to vaile her pride,
And that I ſaw men lead home ripened corn,
Beſides aduiſ'd me well, I durſt haue ſworne,
The lingring yeare the Autumne had reiourn'd,
And the freſh ſpring had beene againe return'd,
Her delicacie, louelineſſe and grace,
With ſuch a ſummer brauery deckt the place,
But now alas it look'd forlorne and dead,
And where ſhe ſtood the fading leaues were ſhed,
Preſenting ſo much ſorrow to my ſight,
(Oh) God thought I, this is her Embleme right,

ſure I thinke it cannot but bee thought,
hat I to her by prouidence was brought:
that the Fates foredooming ſhe ſhould dye,
hew'd me this wondrous maſter-peece, that I
uld ſing her Funerall, that the world ſhould know it
hat Heau'n did thinke her worthy of a Poet:
hand is fatall, nor doth Fortune doubt,
or what it writes, not fire ſhall ere raze out.
houſand ſilken puppets ſhould haue dy'de,
nd in their fulſome coffins putrifide:
in my lines, you of their names ſhould heare,
Or in the world tell ſuch there euer were,
hoſe memory ſhall from the earth decay,
Before thoſe ragges be worne they gaue away,
d I her godlike features neuer ſeene,
Poore ſlight report had told me ſhe had beene
handſome Lady, comely, very well;
nd ſo might I haue liu'd an Infidell,
many doe which did her neuer ſee,
Or cannot credite what ſhee was by me:
ature, her ſelfe that before Art prefers,
To goe beyond all our Coſmographers,
y Charts and Mappes exactly that haue ſhowne,
All of this earth that euer could be known;
or that ſhee would aboue them all deſcrie,
What art could not by any mortall eye:
mappe of heauen in her rare features drue,
And that ſhe did ſo liuely and ſo true,

That

That any ſoule but ſeeing it, might ſweare,
That all was perfect heauenly that was there:
If euer any painter were ſo bleſt,
To draw that face which ſo much heauen expreſt,
If in his beſt of skill he did her right,
I wiſh it neuer may come in my ſight;
I greatly doubt my faith, weake man, leſt I
Should to that face commit Idolatrie.
Death might haue tyth'd her ſexe, but for this one
Nay haue ta'ne halfe, to haue let her alone:
Such as their wrinckled temples to ſupply,
Cyment themvp with ſluttiſh *Mercurie*.
Such as vndreſt, were able to affright,
A valiant man approaching him by night:
Death might haue taken ſuch, her end defer'd,
Vntill the dayes ſhee had been clymaterd:
When ſhe would haue been at threeſcore years & three
Such as our beſt, at three and twenty be,
With enuie then he might haue ouerthrowne her,
When age nor time had power to ceaze vpon her:
But when the vnpittying Fates her end decreede,
They to her end did inſtantly proceed,
For well they knew if ſhe had languiſh'd ſo,
As thoſe which hence by naturall cauſes goe:
So many prayers and teares for her had ſpoken,
As certainely theyr yron lawes had broken,
And had wak'd heauen, who clearly would haue ſhow'
That change of kingdoms to her death ſhe ow'd,

nd that the world ſtill of her end might thinke,
It would haue let ſome neighbouring mountaine ſinke
r the vaſte ſea, it in on vs to caſte,
As *Seuerne* did about ſome fiue yeares paſt,
r ſome ſterne Commet his curld top to reare,
Whoſe length ſhould meaſure half our Hemiſpheare:
olding this height, to ſay ſome will not ſticke,
That now I raue, and am grow'n lunaticke,
ou of what ſexe ſo ere you be, you lye,
Tis thou thy ſelfe art lunatique, not I:
charge you in her name that th us is gone,
That may coniure you if you be not ſtone,
hat you no harſh nor ſhallow tymes decline
Vpon that day wherein you ſhall reade mine,
uch as indeed are falſely tearmed verſe,
And will but ſit like moath's vpon her Herſe,)
or that no child, no chambermaid, nor page
Diſturbe the roome the whil'ſt my ſacred rage,
reading is, but whilſt you heare it read,
Suppoſe before you, that you ſee her dead,
he walles about you hung with mournfull blacke,
And nothing for her funerall doth lacke:
nd when this period giues you leaue to pauſe,
Caſt vp your eyes and ſigh for my applauſe.

An

An Elegie. by N. H.

WHether thoſe Honours, or elſe Loue, itbe
That on his windie wings doth carry me;
[illegible] thy outward fauours much exchang'd,
And their fayre order falſ'd, and diſarang'd,
I ſeeke thee in thy ſelfe, but cannot ſee,
A trace or ſhadow that reſembles thee,
Thoſe eyes, that wont the morning light out-ſhining,
And by reflection, our dull beames refining,
Whoſe motion did from earthly darkneſſe free vs,
Does with neglect regard, and ſlightly ſee vs,
Thoſe lips that wonting to depart in ſunder,
Charm'd the admiring hearer in his wonder;
Vſe not their power, as fainting in their courſe,
Nor does thy ſauing tongue diſplay her force,
Thy heart that in free graces ſo abounded,
Is now with iealouſies and feares ſurrounded,
Pale trembling, doubt, with many ey'd ſuſpition,
Keepes ſolemne court in thy ſad diſpoſition,
Briefly, ſo deſperate a change I finde,
As ſuddenlie is not to be definde,

ieſe new honours or ambition,
Be arches that thy feares are founded on,
eſſe ambitious, ſeeke to comprehend
Leſſe in thy vaſte thoughts, and thy feares will end:
be loue, that does deuide thy reſt,
nd waken vp thoſe tumults in thy breſt,
skes more, pardon for thy beautie's ſuch,
s for mans good thou canſt not loue too much.
ine age is tender, and to loue inuites,
Then ſeeke out thy required appetites,
hich when thou haſt encountred in ſome one
Of thouſands, whoſe ſupreame perfection,
ill bee a double ſoule, to loue and ſerue,
Thine art ſhall bee ſuch duty to preſerue,
nd with deare grace nurſe the concealed fire,
Till it to glorious action may aſpire:
hich though but ſeldome, when it does arriue,
And in a well eſpyed occaſion thriue,
hall open wonders, ſuch as by *Cupids* leaue,
None but the elder louers can conceyue,
Vhom thou from point to point muſt imitate,
And from their ground new principles create,
Vhich thou to thy occaſions muſt apply,
And let no minutes paſſe, vnuſed by,
Bee well aduiſde, and warie in thy choyce,
And know him well, to whom thou giueſt thy voyce
So perfect notices, required are
Of him, with whom thine honour goes ſo farre,

But

But hauing well explor'd, it will behoue
Thou be not nice, to ſhew that thou do'ſt loue,
Diſcretion, asking it ſhould be reueal'd,
As cleare to him, as from the world conceal'd,
For inundacitie, did neuer ayde,
And hath loues childhood oftentimes betrayde,
Beſides, there's loſſe of time in Ceremonie,
Ere ought be done, the world being call'd to eye
Thine actiue wit, with icalous thought fore-runne,
And let the buſineſſe many times be done,
With fauours numberleſſe, which thou ſhalt beſtow,
Ere thou in diſtance of opinion grow.
But walke in ſecret, and conſult with night,
And ſhun the dangers of the treaſnous light.
Sleepe ſilent Mother euer friend to loue,
Will thy proportions Secretarie proue,
And in her quiet ſayles her forfaites hide,
Which are no faults but when they are eſpied.

N. H.

An Elegie on the death of the three ſonnes of the Lord Sheffeild, drowned neere *where Trent falleth into Humber.*

Light Sonets hence, and to looſe louers flie,
And mournfull maydens ſing an Elegie,
On thoſe three *Sheffeilds* ouerwhelm'd with waues,
Whoſe ioſſe the teares of all the Muſes craues,
A thing ſo full of pitty as this was,
Me thinkes (for nothing) ſlightly ſhould not paſſe:
Treble this loſſe was, why ſhould it not borrow,
Through this Iſles tripple parts, a treble ſorrow:
But Fate did this to let the world to know,
That ſorrow which from common cauſes grow
Are not worth mourning for, the loſſe to beare,
But of one onely ſon's not worth a teare,
Some tender hearted man as I may ſpend
Some teares (perhaps) for a deceaſed friend:
Some men perhaps their wiues late death may rue,
Or wiues their husbands, but ſuch be but few:
Care that hath vſ'd the hearts of men to tuch,
So oft and deepely, will not now be ſuch,
Who will care for loſſe of maintenance, or place,
Fame, Liberty, or of the Princes grace,
Or ſutes in law, by vile corruption croſte,
When he ſhall finde that this which he hath loſt,
(Alaſſe) is nothing to theirs which did loſe
Three ſonnes at once ſo excellent as thoſe:
May it be fear'd that this in time may breed
Hard hearts in men to their owne naturall ſeed,
That in reſpect of this great loſſe of theirs,

Men

Men will ſcarce mourne the death of their own heires
Through all this Iſle their loſſe ſo publike is,
That euery man doth take them to be his,
And as a plague which had beginnings there,
So catching is and raigning euery where,
That thoſe the farth'ſt remote as much do rue,
As thoſe then moſt familiarly that knew thee,
Children with this diſaſter are wex'd ſage,
And like to men that ſtrooken are in age,
Talke what it is, three children at one time,
Thus to haue drown'd, and in their very prime,
Yea, and doe learne to act the ſame ſo well
That then old folks, they better can it tell.
Inuention oft, that paſſion vſde to faine,
In ſorrow of it ſelfe, but ſleight and meane,
To make it ſeeme great, that here ſhall not need,
For that this ſubiect doth ſo farre exceed
All forc'd expreſsion, that what Poeſie ſhal
Happily thinke to grace it ſelfe withall,
Fals ſo below it, that it rather borrowes
Grace from their griefe, then addeth to their ſorrows:
For ſad miſchance thus in the loſſe of three,
To ſhew it ſelfe the vtmoſt it could be;
Alſo exacting by the ſelfe ſame Law
The vtmoſt teares that ſorrow, had to draw
All future times hath vtterly preuented
Of a more loſſe, or more to be lamented,
Whileſt in fayre youth they liuely flouriſht here,
To their kind Parents they were onely deare,

But being dead, now euery one doth take
Them for their owne, aud doe like ſorrow make.
As for their owne begot, as they pretended
Hope in the iſſue, which ſhould haue deſcended
From them againe: nor here doth end our ſorrow,
But thoſe of vs that ſhall be borne to morrow,
Still ſhall lament them, and when times ſhall count,
To what vaſte nomber paſſed yeares ſhall mount,
They from their death's ſhall duly reckon ſo,
As from the Deluge former vſ'd to doe.
O cruell *Humber*, guilty of their gore,
I nowe beleeue more then I did before
The Britiſh ſtory, that thy name begunne,
Of kingly *Humber*, an inuading *Hunne*,
By thee deuoured, for tis likely thou
With bloud wert chriſtned, bloud thirſty till now,
The *Owſe*, the *Don*, & that more ſiluer *Trent*,
To drowne theſe *Shoffeilds*, as yee gaue conſent,
Shall curſe the time, that ere you were infuſed,
Which haue your waters baſely thus abuſed:
The groueling Boore, yee hinder not to goe,
And at his pleaſure firrie to and fro:
The very beſt part of whoſe ſoule and bloud,
Compar'd with theirs is viler then thy mud.
But wherefore paper doe I idely ſpend
On theſe deafe waters to ſo little end.
And vp to ſtarry heau'n doe I not looke,
In which, as in an euerlaſting Booke:
Our ends are written, O let times reherſe,
[illegible] ſad anniuerſe.

M. D.

The Author in praiſe of his owne BOOKE.

COmmend my *Selfe*? No! But my *Booke* I may!
And boldly (blameleſſe) 'tis *Praiſe-worthy* ſay.
How ſo? The ſenceleſſe Subſtance well may plead,
My *Selfe* I was not, when the *Booke* I made.

Of his deare Friend the Author, H. F.

OF what is heere thou'lt not haue any write
Prayſes: that willing, would: and iuſtly might,

Permit me then! For Ile *Praiſe* what I ſee
Deficient heere (thy name FITZ-IEOFFERY,)

Where Engliſh FITZ aright, and I ha' done
So rightly art thou called IEOFFERYES-Sonne.

Then adde time *Age* but to thy induſtry,
In thee againe will liue *Old*-IEOFFERY.

NATH: GVRLYN.

The Author's Answer.

OF what is *Heere* I forbid any *Write*
Praises. Why? Nothing *Heere* can merite it:

Yet Ile *Permit* thee. Thoul't but *Praise* my *Name.*
And that's *Deficient.* Then *Praise* not for shame

Where do (FITZ) *right*: *Write*, place it to ỹ minde:
Stil *rightly* must (FITZ) IEOFFERYES come behind
(wrought:
French must turne *English* first, (strange wonders)
(*Olde*) be a new *Borne*: The (*Sonne*) brought to
(naught.

HORAT: *De Arte Poeti.*

NVnc ſatis eſt dixiſſe, Ego mira poemata pango:
Occupet extremum ſcabies!

Anglicè ſic

NOw 'tis inough to ſpeake,
I wondrous Poemes make:
Then, Diuell the hindmoſt take.

Satyra prima.

Lib: I.

WHo'd not at venture *Write*? So many waies
A man may proue a *Poet* now a daies?
Does *Nature* witt afford to breake a Ieſt?
This is a *Poet*: and his friends proteſt
He is to blame he *Writes* not: when (indeed,)
Th'Illiterate Gull can neither *write* nor *read*.
Let *Nature* faile! Takes he but ſo much *Paine*,
To *write obſcurely*: adding ſo much *Braine*.
As end his crabbed ſenceleſſe verſe in *Rime*:
This might a *Poet* beene in *Perſeus* time.

And more! (Though *Horace* in his book reherſes)
(Nature and Arte are both requir'd in Verſes.)
There are thoſe, of their *Poetry* will vaunt,
Which do (God wot) both *Wit* & *Learning* want:
I know them! Such as they at Table ſit
Each *Ieſt* you ſpeake, will to a *Metre* fit.
And thus your *Witt's* ſell for their priuate gaine
And bee accounted *Poets* for their paine.
Others there are, that *Others workes* ſuruay,
And muſt from all thinges ſome thing *filtch* away,
Who if to weaker *Braines* they can vnfolde
A *Learned Author*: nick a Phraſe thats olde:
Or change but one word in a line or two: (ſo?
Straight all's their owne, they *write*, who doubts it
When I wood ſcarce beleeu't, though they, in fine,
To euery Verſe ſubſcribe: *By Ioue 'tis mine.*
Nor is't inough they this in priuate ſhow,
But theſe are *Poets*, all the world muſt know.

Satyres.

'Tis ſtrange to ſee what ſtretching is of *Wits*,
What ſpare of ſpeech this plentious *Preſſe* begets.
Some (if you keepe them company) you'l finde
As choiſe to breake a *Ieſt* as to bteake winde.
And what's the reaſon thinke ye? Onely this:
All they can ſpeak's too little for the *Preſſe*.
Where 'tis not loſſe of *Friend*, *Life*, *Libertie*,
Shall cauſe them keepe a *Ieſt* in ſecrecy.
Others haue helpes: when their *Inuention* faile,
Straight they begin abuſiuely to raile.
Then out comes *Whelps of the olde Dog*: for ſport:
Shall barke at Great ones: bite the meaner ſort:
When the On-ſetters (after all their paine:
For feare, woo'd gladly call them in againe.
And theſe will *Poets* bee accounted too:
Becauſe they *Dare* doe more then others doe.
Though they their *Verſes write*, (a man may ſay:)
As Clown's get Baſtards, and ſtraight runne away.

Montanus

Satyres.

Montanus needes will bee a *Poet!* why?
Becauſe the *Muſes* on a *Mountaine* hy
Inhabited. *Peto* for that his *Name*
Denotes him *Poet* in the Anagrame:
And Quaint *Caſtilio*: (ſince his Father dy'd!)
Who many *Volumes* publiſh't: and beſide
Diuers neglected, Left vnto his Son:
Which dubbes him *Poet*, by præſcription.
True! And *Caſtilio* will approued bee,
Or he will *Print* his Fathers *Legacy*.
And marke *Criſippo*, but what ſhifts he'l finde,
Ere he'l bee counted once to come behinde,
In euery *Booke* he will beſpeake afore:
The comming out, roome for halfe a ſcore
Or a dozen *Verſes*, which he'l hugely puffe
With commendations of the Authors ſtuffe.
And in *Hyperbolyes* his *Name* extoll
Yond *Homer*, *Virgill*, *Ouide*, *Iuuenall*.

Vouching no better *Volume*, ere was *Writ*,
And that himſelfe hath had a *Hand* in it.
Oh this vaine-*Praiſe*-*Affecting Poetry*
Is a *bewitching-itching Leoproſie*: (*Braine*,
That makes men *Rub*, *ſcrub*, *rouz* and *touz* their
Pump their *Pates* dry for *Ieſts*: and all to gaine
So much *Report*: might ſerue to make them vaunt,
They are *Applauded* (though of *Ignorant*.) (ill)
They'l *ſnatch*, and *ſcratch*, and *ſcrape* (though nere ſo
And rather ſmart then holde their fingers ſtill:
Be there a Citty ſhow: or ſight at Court:
Of Acts Heroicke: or of Princely ſport:
(which right to *write* of, or in Type to tell:
Might taxe a *Daniels* or a *Spencers* quill.)
Marke how theſe hungerbit *Inventions* ſcud
To eye! to ſpy! All for no other good
Then onely this! poore this! But to obtaine:
Some ſodder for their needy greedy ſtraine.

See

See then how (*Enuy*) gin's her eyes to fat
On dainties plenty, and repines thereat!
How muttering *Momus* (that knowes not to bite,
Grumbles and mumbles mouthfuls out of ſpite.
How curriſh (*Critticks*) moſt ſeuerely harke:
Ready at each ſound of applauſe to barke.
How all together, and how each a part
Stretch, retch, faine, ſtrain, Inuention, Iudgement Art
Raile, Lybell: what not? Rather then labour looſe
Ieſt on your Geſture: or be-lye your cloathes.
A ſubiect fitter for a Beadles fiſt
Then the tart lines of a ſmart Satyriſt.
Let Natures cauſes (which are too profound
For euery blockiſh ſottiſh *Pate* to ſound):
Produce ſome *monſter*: ſome rare *ſpectacle*:
Some ſeauen yeares *Wonder*: Ages *miracle*:
Bee it a worke of nere ſo ſleight a waight,
It is recorded vp in *Metre* ſtraight,

And counted purchaſe of no ſmall renowne,
To heare the *Praiſe* ſung in a Market-towne.
How many *Volumes* lye neglected thruſt
In euery Bench-hole? euery heape of duſt?
Which from ſome *Gowries* practiſe, *Powder* plot,
Or *Tiburne Lectur's*, all their ſubſtance got:
Yet toſſe our Time-ſtalles you'll admire the rout
Of careleſſe feareleſſe *Pamphlets* flye about.
Bookes, *made of* Ballades: Workes, *of* Playes,
Sightes, *to be* Read *of my* Lo: Maiors *day's*:
Poſt's, *lately ſet forth: Bearing (their Backe at)*
Letters, *of all ſorts: An intollerable Packet.*
Villains diſcouery, *by Lanthorn and Candle-light:*
(ſtrange if the author ſhould not ſee it to bādle right)
A Queſt *of* Inquirie: (Iacke a Douer's)
The Ieſts *of* Scoggin: *and diuers others*
(which no man Better the Stationer *knowes)*
Wonderfull Writers; Poets *in* Proſe.

Satyres.

What poſte pin'd *Poets* that on each baſe *Theame*,
With Inuocations vexe *Apollo's* name.
Springes for Woodcockes: Doctor Merriman:
Rub and a good Caſt: Taylor *the Ferriman.*
Fennor, *with his* Vniſounding Eare word;
The vnreaſonable Epigramatiſt of Hereford:
Rowland *with his* Knaues *a murmuall*;
Non worth the calling for, a fire burne em all:
And number numberleſſe that march (vutolde)
Mongſt *Almanacks* and *Pippins*, to be ſolde.

Apologie.

THeſe *Ill* which better *Dare* thē know to *wright*
Makes thoſe (I know) not *dare* & better might.
For who iſt now attempts to Print, but knowes,
He muſt be one or cenſured on, of *Thoſe*!

For my part (Gallants) it was nere my hap,
On high *Pernassus Top*, to take a nap:
Or the Diuine *Nine* sisters *Fount* to see:
Whence I might steale a sip of *Poetry*.
These *Idle Verses* (which I *Idly* made)
None but the *Idle* I request to read:
Then what *Applause* looke I for, all may guesse,
When none may *looke* for *Praise* from *Idlenes*.

Finis Saty: Primæ.

Satyra Secunda.

A Moral Satyre.

Sunt *Videntur.*
Q Vidam *& non*
Videntur *Sunt*

A Morall Satyre.

Proœmium.

I Taxe no Times, I beare no *Furyes* ſcourge:
I bring no powerfull *Fountaine* ſpringes to purge
This viceſull *Lerna*, this *Augean* ſtye,
From long neglected noyſome filthery.
Vaunt *Varlots* then: *Grizely Tartarian curres*:
Vice-Pack-horſes: *Swaines* of inchanting *pleaſures*:
Wallow in Lake of *Leaudneſſe*: racket: yell
And all the world with thundring vproare fill,
Till angry *Ioue* his *Chaos* drench agen
And a new nature of milde molde begin. (woo'd
Yet knowe (*Earths Of-ſcums*) I haue force, and
Vncaſe, vnlaſe, your Lexudnes: make ye ſcud:
Laſh at Lines length; and inſtrike ſuch a print,
Shu'd make ye ſtartle, had ye hartes of flint,
Coo'd I finde Patrons to maintaine me in't.

Satyra.

BVt range my *Muſe*! find out ſome freſher *Game*,
Some *Maiden matter*, ſome vnchaſed *Theame*.
Beat through ſ throwes of theſe diſordered *times*,
The thorny thickets of contagious crimes,
And rouz from ſquat, purſue with æger cry,
The lurking Leaudneſſe, ſtrong ſcent villany,
Of thoſe cloſe *Foxes*, who (in milder skins)
Inuey, and gueſſe inuectiuely at Sinnes:
Bite with ſharpe cenſure: and ſeuerely ſcan
The inward *Vertues*, by the outward man.
Beſhrow mee (Sirs) if I dare ſtrout in ſtreet,
Winke at a *Window*: A *God-dam-me* greet:
Vſher a *Lady*: but ſalute her *Gloue*:
Or *Kiſſe* a Maide for manners more then *Loue*:
Cringe to a *Scriuener*: be conuerſing ſeene
In *Ludgate*, with a broken *Citizen*:

Turne oft in *Pauls*: call for a ſtoole o'th *Stage*:
Or walke atended with my *Hackney* Page:
Pace *Turnball, Shorditch, Long-lane:* or *Pickt-hatch*
Leaſt I be taken by this heedfull watch.
Theſe pickthanke Peſants; that with *Lynceus* eye,
Inſpect mans Actions too Iniuriouſly.
Firſt to yon Maſſe of man: yon loade of *Guts*,
That all he handles in his belly puts:
Who euery meales meate makes a Maſſecry,
Of *Shambles, Poultry, Sea variety.*
How on the Table he his Panch doth reſt,
And ſtuffes it as a Wallet of the beſt.
Yet cloſe his Buttockes rammes vp as in Pound
For feare o'th worſt, to'th'good-behauiour bound
Snorts at mid-day: yet ſtartles at the ſturre,
Of a betraying Boote, or tel-tale Spurre:
Cryes out of *Faſhions*, as of *Faſting-dayes*,
Rebukes *Exceſſe*: gainſt *Vanityes* inueyes:

Hates *Vice* as *Hunger*: and abhorres to *ſtand*
In ſight of a (Sir reuerence) *Saffron-band.*
Tell him his *Wo. ſhip* is ſo ſtrictly wiſe:
His cloſeſt *Trounces*, full as full of vice.
As wide from *Vertues meane* as Largeſt ſize.
Next to yon *Preſter Iohn*, that Learned *Clarke:*
Who after all my cloſeſt acts doth harke.
A man, that for a *Wiſe one* ſure woo'd paſſe,
Shu'd there but 6. bee, as there 7. was:
Hee heretofore (out of his *Loue* exceeding)
Woo'd euer bee examining my Reading:
Now (more *Officious*) euer *Checking* is:
A ſtrickt *Remembrancer* of all amiſſe.
Bid him bee leſſe in *Office*: more in *Loue*:
Leaſt he ere long *Iacke out of Office* proue.
Laugh, Laugh, *Demorritus*! who can hold to heare
Socraticke Doctors, *Catoes* moſt auſteer.

Satyres.

Roule vp the *Records* of *Antiquity*,
To frame *Abridgements* for youth's *Liberty*.
Accuſe *Wits* folly. *Times* ſtrange alterations:
The vaine expence of cloth conſuming faſhions,
When their allowance was (themſelues can tell)
At leaſt vnto a Codpiſſe halfe an Ell.
Lend me *Athenian* but a while thy light:
To ſcowre the ſcoutes, the Lurking holes of *Spite*,
And execrable *Enuy*: ſee the rout
Of Raſcals: venome *Vermin*, I'le finde out:
Cankermouth'd *Catchpoles*, that in Ambuſh lye,
To wreck, to ſeck *Vertues* æternitie:
With poyſnous blaſt of miſcreant *Infamy*.
(*Iuſtinian*) is too *Fortunate* to beare
The name of *Iuſt*: (*Flora*) too *Curtious* farre
To harbour *Honeſty*: (*Varro*) held to bee
Vaine, for his skilfull vaine in *Poetry*.

(*Fantaſtike*)

(*Fantaſticke*) cannot with his Flaunders feete
Lock'd in his foure-wheele-casket vex the ſtreet:
Knocke in a Tauerne, but his Father heares,
Some 20 Leagues off. *Luxurio* feares
Retaine a ſeruant fairer then his wife:
Nor wish *Lucrella* in deſpaire of Life
Tell of her ſide-ſtitch or the Belly-ake,
Leaſt ſhe bee ſaid *Lucinas* ayde to lacke.
Who is't from ſcourge of *Cenſure* can ſcape free,
Yea (*Temperate Nature*) men will jerke at thee!
How ſuffer ſome but for a *Sanguin Noſe*?
A *Scarlet ſcone*? when each Logitian knowes
'Tis *Vertues* colour. How enuy ſome at
A *Stirrill Chin*? Or a top naked *Pate*?
Emblem of *Truth*, and *Graces*. What reproofe
Goes with a *Limping Leg*? Or *Vulcan Hoofe*?
Yea ſome ſo farre preſume, as to define
Knaues, by their *Bunch-back's*, and their *Goggle-eyne*

Satyres.

When *Accidents* (affirmes the *Stagerite*)
Not Naturall cauſe no note but in Spirit.
Peace then *Melampus*, peace *Albertus*, *Coeles*:
Ptolomie, *Raſis*, and *Auerroes*.
Gallen, *Palemon*: hence be ſilent all,
Or proue the cunning *Huperphiſicall*.
And all leſſe learn'd in Rules of *Phiſnomy*:
That *Natures notes*, holde markes of *Infamy*.
Elſe (*mincing Madam's*) why doe we (*alas!*)
Pine at your *Pencill* and conſpiring *Glaſſe*? (wheels!
Your *Curles*, *Purles*, *Perrimigs*, your Whalebone-
That ſhelter all defects from head to heeles.
Making but *Good* what theſe count *Vicious*:
Yet not iniuſtly termed odious.
To ſtrout in *Purple* or rich *Scarlet* dye
With ſiluer barres begarded thriftily:
To ſet in print the *Haire*: Character the *Face*:
Or dye in graine the *Ruffe* for Viſage grace.

To clog the *Eare* with plummets: clag the wrests
With *Busk-points*, *Ribbons*, or *Rebato-Twists*:
From Barbors tyranny to saue a locke,
His Mistris wanton fingers to prouoke:
Such *Trifles*, *Toyes*: in these sharpe *Crittitks* view,
Throwes vs in number of the damned *Crue*.
As if a *Frounced*, *pounced*, *Tute* coo'd not,
As much *Braine* couer, as a *Stoike* cut.
Or practicke *Vertue*, might not lodge as soone
Vnder a *Silken*, as a *Cynicke* gowne.
Fond fond *Philosophers*: who e're definde
Vertue a *Habite* of the *Cloathes* but *minde*?
Tell me (precisely) what auailes it ware,
A Bongrace Bonnet, *Eye-brow shorter Haire*?
A Circumcized Ruffe? *Conuerting Eye*?
In Sadnesse? *Yes* Indeed? *Yea* Verily?
To beare a Bible *euery* Edifying *day*
Of an Armefull, (*beside the* Apochriphay?(

To carry no more cloath then skin: to show
The Stockens worne at Knees, the Shooes at Toe?
If thou but nod at *Fryers*, Or be tane
Cloasly conuerting an impure Queane?
Found in a *Morgage*, not a minute spare?
Or turne *Informer* for a demyshare.
Who *Vertue* holdes a bare apparant *Good*,
Makes nothing *Vice*, that may assume a hood,
A vaile of *Well*, pure *honesty* no more
Then flat *Hypocrisie:* a painted Whore. (lesse)
Countes nothing more (when indeed nothing
Then others mens *Opinions Happines*.
And *Vertue* (rare!) All thinges to be at *End*:
When euery action needs to *Good* must tend.
Giue me a *Genius*: a well tempred minde
which no *Feare* vrge: no *Syren* note can winde
From way of *Right*: that doth all *Good* approue
For no Good else, but for bare *Vertues* Loue.

Satyres.

Whome not *Cymerian* darknes, more then day:
Nor *Giges Ring* could corrupt any way.
A Minde well mounted, that will ſcoffe at *Hate*,
Trainple on *Fortune*, feircel Incounter *Fate*,
Spurne at the ſound of *Vulgar praiſe* as baſe:
Spit a defiance in proud *Enuyes* face:
An armed *Conſcience* that dares grapple with
A muſter of *Opinions*, in the teeth:
Who though a *Theater* ſhould ſtriue bring out
His cloſeſt groſeſt *Faults*, and all about
Set on to barke: durſt boldly ſtand it out.
Who thinks to trauerſe ſo vpright the Stage
(Free from *Controle*) of this *Cenſorious Age*:
Or aimes in Action at the *Vulgar grace*,
Of *Hydra-Headed* multitude, *Applauſe*;
Need frame him ſelfe a *Nature* that will brooke
As many ſhapes as euer *Protens* tooke.
To crye *God ſaue you* with a Courtly grace,

To

To *Kisse the Hand*, to lay at *Foote* the *Face*:
To act the *Croſs-point Longey* ſleighily:
Is held *Affecting Proud Humility*.
To *Vaile* the *Bonnet*: ſtiffe as *Elephant*,
A Furlong off to caſt a *Complement*:
To titch the Brimmes: or ſcarce to ſpeake at all:
Wee ſtately, ſcornefull, hatefull *Geſture* call.
And careleſſe carriage argues *Loues* neglect:
In beſt indeauours Critticks *finde defect*.
Let me no oftner then *Apollo* appeare
To *Laugh*, to skip (like *Phœbus*) once a yeare,
To goe more formall then my wonted faſhion,
Corrected in my Taylours laſt Edition.
To rectifie my *Fore-top*: or aſſume,
For one nights Reuels a 3. ſtory Plume:
(Though ſome will *Lyes* weare, and *Leekes* as oft,
And with a more (perchance) Ambitious thought,)
Straight 'tis ſurmiſed, rumord round about.

I roare

Satyres.

I roare, I ſcore, I iauiſh, laſh it out.
Triſle *Times* Treaſure: And keepe open port,
To all Companions of licentious ſort.
When in a day or two, being found done,
Hemmed in the hopefull habite of a *Gowne*.
By me a *Plowdon* or a *Littleton*.
Lord! what a new bred fame gins hence to paſſe,
How I am changed from the man I was?
Thus I can expectation falſify:
Weary out *Cenſure* in vncertainty:
Redeeme *Time* as I liſt: proue *Want of Wit*
In thoſe that moſt inuectiue jerke at it:
And moſt precize, of greateſt vice condemne.
Making my *Faults* theirs: by *Belying* them.
Know I can Frolique be with (*Fregio*)
Court it in Compteſt phraſe with (*Curio.*)
Come deepe the Caſter: and Carouce it free.
(As farre as *Vertues* limites Licence mee.)

Satyres.

In as rich *Grograns*, *Sattins*, *Tiſſues*, goe
As *Florence*, *Carles*, *Tartary* can ſhowe.
Meet, and crye farwell, to thoſe ſpirits bolde
By *Piſtoll tenure* that their Liuings holde,
Confer with Crop-eard knights ath'poſt; heare tell
Of *Stangate* prizes, and of *Shooters* Hill,
Of *Brothells*, *Stewes*, of vileſt *villanies*,
And learne out *Vertue* by her contraries.
Fond *Affectation*, to be counted *Great*,
To be *The man held*: to be pointed at.
I eu're neglected. *Singularitye*
May ſometimes vertue be: ne're *Policye*.
Who is a man of Note (note this from me)
Is ſure ne're to offend in *ſecrecie*:
To liue in *Bondage* in *Fames Iealoſie*.
Tis not the mouthfull of mans breath I care,
Nor ſeuere Cenſure of ſtrict *Critick* feare
In ſpite of *Enuy*, *Hate* 'twas neuer known:

But euer *Fame* will *Vertue* waite vpon;
And now, when *Vertue Vice* is held: whome is't
We may not *Praiſe* or *Diſpraiſe* as wee liſt?

THen (*Snarling curres*) turn to this gaully ſlyme.
Feed on the putrid ſubſtance of my *Ryme*,
Heer's *Hotch-pot*: *Soſſe*: prouided filling ſtuffe
Shall finde your greedy *Cenſures* worke inough.
Where if I finde ye! Or but ſpie a traine:
A freſh haue at yee (*Varlots*) once againe.

FINIS.

To his worthy Friend vpon theſe *Satyres.*

Atyres in Engliſh? I pray God your fate,
Send's you not into the world too late
To proue there may be ſuch: For there ha's bin
So much deceit in *Satyres*, 'tis a *Sin*
(Almoſt) to hope for good ones: They who beſt
Haue done, haue onely *Dar'd*: and more expreſt
Their *Paſſions*, then a *Poem*. Nay eeuen all
Doe but conuert their little Brain'es to gall:
And bee it *bitter* once they care not then
How *venomous* it be. Which errors when
I ſee, and ſee how well approu'd they are,
'Tis more then miracle, Your's be ſo farre
Diſtinguiſhed. And that you ſuruiue to *Write*,
More out of true diſcerning then of *Spite*.

I. STEPHENS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE SECOND BOOKE: OF *Satyricall Epigram's.*

RE

To his True Friend *Tho: Fletcher* of LINCOLN'S-INNE Gent:

TOM!) 'twas thy *Speeches* did me first possesse
These *scattered Epigramm's* deseru'd the *Presse*.
VVhose Learned *Iudgement*, and *Loue*, I knew such,
Might wel *Commend*, and *Command*, twice as much.
If (*Reader*) then heer's ought may breed delight,
Giue halfe the thankes to him it brought to light.
Nor blush not (*Tom*!) nor blame not! that I seeme,
Thee the halfe-parent of my *Booke* to deeme.
Heer's nought but *Good* (if nothing they *mis-scan*!)
Let *Critticks*, *Momus*, *All*, say what they can!
Th'are *Good*: who doubts it? not, for ought I know:
Yet *Good* Ile sweare: because *Thou* saist th'are so.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Satyricall Epigram's.

Ad Emptorem. Epig: 1.

THese *Epigrams* thou ſee'ſt whoſe are they? (mine?
No! The *Book-binders*: buy thē, they are thine.

In Thraſonem. Epig: 2.

SInce *(Thraſo)* met one ſtoutly in the field,
He cracks his *Spirit* knowes not how to yeeld.
Looks big! Sweares! ſtroutes with ſet-ſide armes & ſtreets:
Yet gently yeelds the wall to all he meets.
And to his Friend that askes the reaſon why?
His Anſwer's this: *my ſelfe I grace thereby.*
For euery one, the common Prouerbe knowes:
That *All-wayes to the Wall the weakeſt goes.*

Satyricall Epigrams.

Of a Rayling Clyent. Epig. 3.

I Call'd one *Knaue*: who anſwered: (*Sir*) not ſo!
The *Knaue doth all-way's with the Lawyer goe.*
How could I well but well approue his ſpeech?
Each *Lawyer* walkes, his *Clyent* at his breech.

Of Debt. Epig. 4.

TO bee *Indebted* is a *ſhame* (men ſay!)
Then 'tis *Confeſſing* of a *ſhame*, to *Pay.*

In Medicum. Epig. 5.

WHen (*Mingo*) cries *How do you ſir!* tis thought
He *Patients* wanteth? & his practic's nought.
Wherefore of late now euery one he meeteth,

Satyricall Epigrams.

With *Sir I'm glad to see you well* hee greeteth.
But who'l beleeue him now, when all can tell
The world goes *Ill* with him when all are *Well?*

Against the Accademicks of their abusiue
*Ignoramus. Epig. 6.

THe *Law is* in our *Hands*! How dare ye then
Abusiue bee? Cause ye are *Law-lesse men*:
Your fault was great! but wee neglect the same,
For ye excuse your *Error* in the *Name.*

In Cornutum. Epig. 7.

ONe tolde his wife a *Harts-head* he had bought
To hang his Hat vpon: and home it brought,
To whome his frugall Wife: what needs this care?
I hope (*sweete Hart*) your *Head* your hat can beare.

Satyricall Epigrams.

No-lawes Reformation.
Epig: 8.

SInce *(No-law's)* Father did him Counſaile giue
And ſaid, hee onely by his *Booke* muſt liue:
Ha's bought the *Law:* and vowes his life to mend,
And moſt on's time will in his *Studdy* ſpend.
And (doubtleſſe) ſo he meanes, for wot ye why?
Has chang'd his *Bed*, and doth in's *Studdy* lye:
How like ye *(No-law)* now? Is hee not wiſe?
Thus he is certaine by the *Law* to *Riſe*.

Of Lucus *and his long Haire.*
Epig: 9.

L*Vcus* long locks down to his ſhoulders weares:
And why? He dares not cut them *for his Eares*.

Franciſco's

Satyricall Epigrams.

Franciſco's Trauels. Epig: 10.

TEn monthes (I take it) are not fully gone,
Since bolde *(Franciſco)* croſt the *Seas* alone.
VVho late returned (one would thinke it much)
A compleat *Linguiſt*: skilfull in the *Duteh*,
And more (if you knew all) for wot yee what?
In the *Low-cuntry's* hee the *French* hath got.

Of Braggado and his Valour. Epig: 11.

GIue one bad word out comes *Braggadoes* ſword,
And ſweares (in rage) to ſheath it in your guts.
But draw and ſtifly ſtand vnto your word,
And gently vp againe his blade he puts.
Craues your acquaintance: vowes he loues all ſuch
As on their *Reputation* ſtand ſo much.

But bee he *One* that can his wroth containe,
He *Scornes* to ſtrike him! Hee'l not ſtrike againe.
When will *Braggado* then his manhood proue?
When he meets one he doth not *ſcorne*, or *Loue*.

Of Duke *and his Impriſonment.*
Epig. 12.

D*Vke* lyes for *Debt*, yet nothing owes he'l ſweare.
Beleeu't, 'tis falſe, as ſure as hee *Lyes* there.

Againe:
Of Duke *and the Debt.*
Epig. 13.

D*Vke's not in debt:* yee doe him wrong to ſay it:
The *Debt* is – God knowes whoſe. His that wil
(pay it.

Satyricall Epigrams.

(Guido's) *Bounty.* Epig. 14.

GIft-gobling *Guido* alwayes, as he takes,
Vnto his Friend this hopefull answere makes.
I thanke you kindely: You haue beene at cost:
But (if I liue) you shall not finde it lost.
Then can I euer hope to liue and finde
Close-fisted *Guido* in the *Giuing* minde?
Nor can I thinke *guifts lost*, though *Guido dye?*
For who can *loose* that he doth *Giue away?*

Of Lawyers. Epig. 15.

SOme, *Lawyers* praise: & some their sect defame:
The first I cann't: the last I will not blame.
Nor yet esteeme *Those* lesse *Praise-worthy*, when
All *loue* not *Vertue*: No not most of men.

Whom

Satyricall Epigrams.

WVhome *All* men *Praiſe* I *praiſe* him not at all,
But rather him a *Temporizer* call.
When *Two* contend for, what but *One* muſt haue,
Who can doe Right and eithers fauours ſaue?
When one mans *Loſſe* anothers *Game* doth make,
And *Looſers* muſt, and will haue leaue to ſpeake:
Then (*Gentle Lawyers,*) thinke it more then well,
If the halfe part of men your *Praiſes* tell.

To his Fellow Students.
Epig. 16.

TO *Riſe* by *Law*, a *Life* wee couet all:
Why? 'Tis *Death* to vs, by the *Law* to *Fall.*

Of Himſelfe. Epig. 17.

A Friend of mine, (and yet no friend to mee,)
Comes oft and craues my *Epigram's* to ſee.

Satyricall Epigrams.

He waighes each word, & highly doth cómend 'em
And much intreats me to the *Preſſe* to ſend 'em.
Thus *(Foole!)* my *Labour's* I let him pertake,
That *Labour's* mee a *Foole* imprint to make.

Of Phantaſmo a Miſtris Boaſter.
Epig. 18.

FYe! fie *(Phantaſmo!)* ceaſe to raiſe
Such *Trophæis* in thy Miſtris *Praiſe.*
Shee's *Faire!* what then? The houſe moſt white
Seeme *Venus Birds* moſt to inuite.
And *Trees* that faireſt *Fruite* doe beare
VVith *Stones* aſſaulted oftneſt are.
Shee's *Pretty!* *Witty!* cruell *Wit*,
If not *Wiſdome*, Ioyn'd with it!
Shee's *Kinde!* 'Tis true! what better knowne?
VVhat worſe? when *Kinde* to more then one.

wrong

Satyricall Epigrams.

Wrong not then my *Pureſt Faire*,
With this meane this skin compare.
Rather by thy *Sonnets*, ſeeke,
To make her *Praiſes Venus* like.
How ere ſhe *Propper*: *Faire* her *Feature*:
Beleeu't ſhee's but a *Common* creature.

In Sextum. Epig. 19.

S*Extus*) 6. *Pockets* weares: 2. for his *Vſes*:
The other 4. to *Pocket* vp *Abuſes*.

Epig. 20.

K*It*) I commend thy care of all I know,
That p[illegible]un'dſt thy *Cuſhion* for a Pipe of *To* —
Now thou art like (though not to ſtuddy more!)
Yet ten-times *Harder* then thou didſt before.

Cynna's

Satyricall Epigrams.

Cynna's Theft. Epig. 21.

STolne Fruite is ſweete: So cannot *Cynna* ſay,
That *Stole* a Wench, and had her tooke away.

Of Luce *and her* 4. *Husbands*, 3. *of them thus Named*, Small, Forman, Middleton. *Epig.* 22.

LVce) late is left a *Wealthy widdow*:
(How can it other bee then ſo?)
Foure Husbands ſhe hath buryed,
Yet would not ſtick againe to wed,
Which on her *Hand* ſhe thus doth caſt:
Small, Forman, Middleton: And *my Laſt*.
(Counting for euery finger *One*)
Which all (God wot) are dead and gone,
Then (*Luce*) beware a *Fiſt* to take,
Leaſt ſo a *Hand of all you make*.

Satyricall Epigrams.

More-dew's Payment. Epig. 23.

MOre-dew) the Mercer (with a kinde ſalute)
Would needs intreat my Cuſtome for a *Suite*.
He're *Sir* (quoth hee) for *Sattins, Veluets*, call:
VVhat ere you pleaſe, *Ile take your word for all.*
I thank't! Tooke! Gaue my word! (ſay than?)
Am I at all indebted to this man?

Clyms Account. Epig. 24.

CLym calls his *Wife* and reckoning all his neigh-
Iuſt *Halfe* of them are *Cuckolds* he auer's. (bors
Nay fie (quoth ſhe!) I would they heard you ſpeake
You of your *ſelfe* it ſeemes no *Reckoning* make.

Satyricall Epigrams.

Of Sim, *and his ſpeedy Marriage.* Epig. 25.

SIx months (quoth *Sim*) a *Sutor* and not ſped?
I in a Sennet did both *Woe* and *Bed.* (ſhake.
: Who greene Fruit *Loues* muſt take long paines to
Thinc was ſome *Downe-fall* I dare vndertake.

A Manly Woman the beſt Wife. Epig. 26.

F*Aire*! *manly*! *Wife*! Imagine which of theſe
In Wedlock choiſe would beſt my *fancy* pleaſe?
Of all: giue me the *Woman halfe* a *Man*:
So I ſhall (happy) haue but *halfe a Woman.*

The Womans Anſwer. Epig. 27.

IF *Halfe* a woman beſt your *Humour* fit:
'Twere beſt to *marry* an *Hermophrodite.*

Satyricall Epigrams.

Tom's *good Fortune in being Rob'd.* Epig. 28.

TOm) tels hee's *Rob'd*, and counting all his *losses*,
Concludes: *All's gone* & world *is full of Crosses.*
If all *be gone (Tom)* take this comfort then,
Th'art certaine neuer to haue *Crosse* agen.

Of Lawyers and Poets. Epig. 29.

NO mar'le that *Lawyers*, rich: *Poets*, poore liue,
One giues *to* take, *the* other, *takes* to *Giue.*

In Ignotum. Epig. 30.

WHat bred a *Scholler*: borne a *Gentleman*,
Of 5. yeares *standing* an *Oxonian.*

Satyricall Epigram's.

Of perſon *Proper* : of a *comely Feature* :
And ſhall I baſely now turne *Serving-Creature?*
(Foole!) hug thy fortune. S'tut't may be thy making
A *Ladyes* proffered *Seruice* not worth taking?
Who her *ſerues* (ſure) ſhall be well *Borne* : (and
One knowne ſufficient for the *Turne before.* (more)
The more thy *Standing*, greater *(Foole)* thy *Grace.*
And thou farre fitter to ſupply the place.
For men in ſeruing *Ladyes* much may *get*,
Then men of *Beſt-parts* ſooneſt they'l admit.

In Spruſam. Epig. 31.

WHen men ſpeake *Baudy*, knoweſt thou what's (the matter.
(Spruſa) ſo often ſpitteth? (not to flatter!)
The cauſe (I take't) is this : *Her teeth doe water.*

Satyricall Epigrams.

Of the Riming Sculler. Epig. 32.

Horace the *Poet*, in his Booke reherſes,
That *Water-drinkers* neuer *make good Verſes.*
Yet I a *Poet* know, And (in his *Praiſe*!)
Hee's one has liu'd by *Water all his day's.*

Sues *Slip.* Epig. 33.

Sue ſwore ſhe *Lou'd* mee: and vow'd faithfully
Neuer to *match* with any but with mee.
Now ſhe hath chang'd her minde: and of *All* men
Will none of *mee.* Hath ſhe not *match't mee* then?

Tell her ſhe *Trifles.* Aske but to what end
She *ſwore* ſhee *Lou'd? She meant but as a Friend.*

Aske why *Loue* tokens ſhe did priuate ſend?
Still ſhee replyes: *She meant but as a Friend.*

Aske why ſh'Inuited mee to walke alone
where ſhe her *thoughts* more fully did make known
Binding with *Oathes*, *Deliuering Hand* on that,
Sealing with *Lippes*, *In Wttneſſe* I know what:
Caſting her ſelfe downe by mee: where I could
And might haue tooke, what *Suerty* I would.
Still *blameleſſe*, *ſhameleſſe*, Shee *will all defend*,
Saying in all: *Shee meant but as a Friend.*
Then bee Suc *ſuch to all her* Friends, *as mee*,
I'ad rather ſhee my Friend *then* Wife *ſhu'd bee.*

Of Win *and her Sutors.*
Epig: 34.

WIn is much wooed to, but not *wonne* of any:
The troth on't is: *She* doth *admit* too many.

Satyricali Epigrams.

Tym's Studiosity. Epig. 35.

MArke ye how ſtudious (*Tym*) is turnd of late?
How he breakes Company to meditate?
Does hee but thus continue, certainly,
Hee'l bee (at leaſt) a *Sargeant*, ere hee dye.
Hee may doe (doubtleſſe) much! yet I can tell,
Hee'l not come neere a *Sargeant*, by his will.

Ænigma.

A *Begger* once exceeding poore
A penny pray'd mee giue him:
And deeply vow'd n'ere to *aske more*:
And I, nere *more*, to giue *Him*.
Next day he *Begg'd* againe, I *gaue*,
Yet *Both* of vs ont *Oathes* did *ſaue*.

Of an Egregious Whoore.
Epig. 36.

THy *Belly is thy God.* I well may ſay!
All thy care is to *ſerue* it *Night* and *Day.*
Feare then thy *God*: leaſt (whil'ſt thou worſhip ſo!)
He Riſe, and *Helliſh* torments put the to.

Of Felo *and his Poetry.*
Epig. 37.

F*Elo)* that lately kiſt the *Gaole*, hath got
A ſmacke of *Poetry*! yea more then that!
Hee will maintaine none can bee truely ſaid
A *Poet*, that was neere *Impriſoned.*
: *No Bird ſings ſweeter then the Bird in Cage.*
: *And Satyriſts (like Dogs) ty'd, fierceſt rage.*

Satyricall Epigrams.

Thus will fond *(Felo)* proue by Diſputation,
That *New-gate* is the *Muſes habitation.*
But how ſo? when ſome there *cannot* reherſe,
In a *month's* Learning, for their *Liues* a Verſe.

To his Vnconſtant Miſtris.
Epig. 38.

I Dare not much ſay when I *thee* commend,
Leaſt *Thou* bee *changed* ere my *Praiſes end.*

Woman (quaſi) *Woe-man.*
Epig. 39.

HAd I not felt it miſery to *Woe,*
I had beene *marryed* (certaine) long agoe.
Had I *Not marryed,* ſtraight (*Moroco*) ſayes,
I had not once felt Woe *in all my dayes.*

Satyricall Epigrams.

If after *Woman as* before *comes* Woe,
Woe worth the *Man* with *Woman* hath to doe.

For Lawyers. Epig. 40.

I Muſe that *Lawyers* feare no more to *marry* (tarry.
That from their Wiues muſt all the *Terme-time*
O Sir! If *Termely abſence* breeds the *Feare*,
How many *Frights* each *Lawyer*, in a yeare?

Speudall's Pollicie.
Epig. 41.

NOuerint Vniuerſi per præ – Thus began
(*Notario*) read, ere hee'd his *Coyne* forgoe.
Holde (cryes young *Spendall*:) S'fut you marre all
By any meanes my *Father* muſt not know. (man!
For any money I'de not haue it ſo.

Satyricall Epigrams.

Of Liber too wary to Thriue. Epig. 42.

LIber) is late ſet vp, and wanteth *Cuſtome.*
Yet great *reſort* hath got: but hee'l not *Truſt*
Is not his Loue vnto his Friend the greater? (*'em.*
Hee'l *want* himſelfe, ere hee'l ſee him *a Debtor.*

In Lesbiam, ingratam. Epig. 43.

WHy I ſhould *Loue thee* I no *Reaſon* ſee:
Then *Out of Reaſon* (Lesbia) *I Loue thee.*

Sir Hughes *miſtake.* Epig. 44.

IN *Marriage, Woman* promiſe makes:
To ſerue her Husband all her Life.

Hence

Satyricall Epigrams.

Hence comes it that Sir *Hugh* mistakes:
That *vses Seruants* as his *Wife*.
And further yet the sence doth wrest,
Louing *Her* most that *serues* him best.

In Pontum. Epig. 45.

PO*ntus* comes *Posting* almost euery day, (play?
And cryes *How doe you Sir?* Come, what's the
Who doubts but much his labour hee hath lost,
I nere coo'd tell, no more then coo'd the *Post*.

In Milonem. Epig: 46.

M*Ilo)* much blames mee, that in all my *Verse*,
I nothing in my *Mistris Praise* reherse.
Know I haue *Volumes*, and wou'd (I confesse.)
But can not get consent of Her to *Presse*.

Satyricall Epigrams.

Of Wine. Epig. 47.

PHysitians) Wine at *Spring-Time* poyſon call;
I hold! It neuer hurteth but ith' *Fall.*

In Preſbiterum. Epig. 48.

PResbyter) that of late his *Pariſh* croſt,
By his looſe *Liuing*, hath his *Liuing* loſt.
And will turne *Begger*: hoping by his *Wittes*,
To raiſe a *Beneſice* from *Benefitts*
Foole! Studdy better, better meanes to liue.
To *Learned Beggers*, rare, or ne're men giue.
Where *Art* and *Pouerty* together dwell,
'Tis ſhrowdly to bee fear'd all is not well.
Men doe by *Begging Liuings* get (we ſee!)
Yet few get *Liuings* by their *Beggery.*

In Ignotum. Epig. 49.

A *Corniſh* Citizen came to his *Wife*,
Swore he had beene in danger of his life.
How man (quoth ſhee!) Faith pointing but at *One*
Counted the *arrant'ſt Cuckold* in the Towne.
Nay Lord (quoth ſhee!) *what meant you* Man *to ſay*
Eye you forget your Selfe *too bad*, be quiet. (*it?*

The Iealous Man.

I *Care*: I *Feare*: I *Vexe* full ſore:
To *Know* of what would *Vexe* mee more.

The Wittall.

I *Know my Fate*, and that muſt beare,
And ſince I *Know* I need not *Feare*.

Epig. 50.

Satyricall Epigrams.

Epig. 50.

HOw can (*Sir Amorous*) in his *ſute* ſpeede *ill*,
That hath his *Miſtris*, euery where at *Will*.
Then worke thy *Will* of her, for know, of *Olde*,
Tayle Tenure hath been held the *ſureſt* holde.

Incerti Authoris
Of a Bald-man. Epig. 51.

THy *Haires*, and *ſinnes*, no man may æquall call,
For as thy *Sinnes increaſe* thy *Haires* doe *Fall*.

An Anſwer to the ſame.
Epig. 52.

YEs: If thy *Haires fall*, as thy *Sinnes increaſe*,
Both will ere long proue *æquall*, *Numberleſſe*.

Satyricall Epigrams.

In Philippum. Epig: 53.

CAll *Phillip*, *Flat-noſe*, ſtraight hee frets thereat!
And yet this *Phillip* hath a *Noſe*, that's *Flat*.

To his Ingenious Friend Will: Goddard *of his Booke intituled*: Waſpes.

Epig. 54.

TRue *Epigrams* moſt fitly *likned* are
To *Waſpes*, that in their taile a ſting muſt beare.
Thine being *Waſpes*. I ſay, (who'ſt will repine!)
They are not *Epigrams* are not *like Thine*.

Amor ex viſu.
Of a Blind-man, Louing.

Epig. 55.

IF *Loue* comes but by *Sight*: (as true we finde.)
Then needs muſt (*Cæco*) *ſee*: for he is *Blinde*.

Satyricall Epigrams.

Maxima amicitia inter æquales.

The *Younger* Brother to the *Elder*.

Epig. 56.

IF *Amongst æquals greateſt Friendſhip bee,*
Our *Loue* was *Beſt* in our minoritie.
When as this mutuall Leſſon wee were taught,
To bee as *Equall* branches from *One* graft.
Then did wee *Goe* and *Grow* alike, as *One*,
No *Difference* had in Education.
So our Affections *Sympathiz'd* in all,
That no euent could come but *mutuall*.
So *Neare* ſo *Deare*, we both did *Loue* and *Liue*,
That each *ones Breath* to each might *Being* giue,
What more? So *Life*, and *Loue*, in all did linke vs,
That *One* that knew vs both, both *one* wou'd thinke
Which in our *Father bred* this foule miſtake, (vs
Who gaue *One all*, and ſo did *Difference* make.

Unita

Vnitas non eſt numerus.

Epig. 57.

ROme for (*Reuerſio* :) there's but *One*, Ile ſweare
Betwixt him and 5. hundred a *Yeare*.
O happy, thrice (*Reuerſio*) if that *One*,
(As none a *Number*) thou coo'dſt *number none*!

Againe:

Vnus Homo nullus homo.

Epig. 58.

ONe *Man is no man*: Proue that if you can,
(*Reuerſio*) you for euer make a *Man*.

Natura nihil agit fruſtra.

Againſt Painted Women.

Epig. 59.

MOſt are of minde that *Women* are leſſe *Faire*,
And more *Deformed*: then of *Olde* they were.

True! elſe *In vaine woo'd* Nature *labour take.*
To *giue* them *Beauty*, that can *Beauty make.*

To his Hearts conciled Honor.

THen *Thee*, the *Goddeſſe* did *Diuinely* frame,
For her *Art's* glory, and theſe *Artiſts ſhame.*

In Amicam dotem quærentem.
Epig. 60.

(——) Loues me, and woo'd *wed*, but wot ye what?
Vnleſſe I make her *Ioynture* ſhee will not.
And whats this *Ioynture*? *A future Eſtate*
Purchaſt by Prouidence, poſſeſt by Fate.
Whereon to Hopes *vnkindneſſe, griefe* t'inioy,
A *Sin*, to *wiſh* for, in it *ſelfe* a *toy.*

A meerly neerl'*Inuention*, onely fit
To part falſe hearts, and not to I*oyne* on it.
Then (—) on I*oynture* doe not ſo much ſtand,
All faithfull *Louers* are not borne to Land.
It breeds *Diſtruſt*: Inferres *ſuſpition*
Of other diſlikes, to diſlike ther on.
For was thy *Loue*, ſo firme as *mine*! with me
Thou'dſt thinke no other but to *liue* and *dye*.

Yet bee't as 'twill! ere Ile my *Loue* forgoe,
For want of what I need not: this Ile doe,
Take mee! Ile play th'*Good-husband*, and I will
Both *Day* and *Night* bee *getting* for thee ſtill.
And what I get (and I will get for *Life*,)
Dying Ile wholly leaue vppon my *Wife*.

If this contents not! marke then what Ile ſay,
Dues muſt not bee demaunded till the Day.

Let (–) then Iuſtly *Ioyne* me to *her* now,
And then aske *Ioynture* when it ſhall grow *Due*.

Of a Lawyer and a Phyſitian,
which the Better man.

Epig. 61.

A Quaint *Phyſitian* that had tooke Degree,
Like in his *Habite* : æquall in his *Fee*.
Being a man of *Vniuerſall grace*,
Contended with a *Lawyer* for the place :
Sir (quoth *Phyſitian*) I am *One* you know
That before Lords and Ladyes vſe to goe.
My *Life* ſecure, voide of ſeditious ſtrife.
Not one dares once moleſt me, *for his Life*.
I oft am ſent for, (*Lawyer* then bee ſe'd)
And haue *to doe*, with *Ladyes* in their bed.

Lawyer.

Be Patient (*Doctor*,) And take this from mee,
Tis not your *Grace*: like *Habite* : æquall *Fee*:

Satyricall Epigrams.

Nor Priuiledges *all*: (ſay what you can)
May make you bee, or ſeeme the better man:
I (as *Apollo*) am the God, to whome
All Countryes croutching doe for *Counſaile* come.
Iudge then my ſtate! how *Honored* I liue:
How *Liberall*: *Counſaile* vnto all I *Giue*:
How *Honeſt*, That am ſought too: free from *Hate*
When men will truſt mee with their whole eſtate.
No not the ſtatelyeſt *Lady* in the Land,
Will ſticke to put her *Caſe* into my hand:
Goe to our *Practiſe*! (for my Countries care)
I moſt am ſtirring where *Contentions* are.
You in *Infections*, and *Diſeaſes* raining,
Make out of *Others* loſſe and *Hurt*, your gaining.
I to ſuppreſſe *Deceit*, *Truth's Cauſes* vrge:
You, *Humours* to exhale, with *Gliſters* purge.
Miſtake not *Doctor* then, and you ſhall finde,
It is your *Office* for to come *behinde*.

Satyricall Epigrams.

Of 2. *Painters contending for Preeminence in their Art.* Epig. 62.

TWo *Painters* on a time at variance fell,
Which might each other in his *Art* excell.
One thinking ſtraight to end ſo vaine a ſtrife,
Pluckes forth the curious Picture of his *Wife*,
Swearing if ought of his could this ſurpaſſe,
Hee, of the *Two* the better *Artiſt* was:
The other more Learned in *Philoſophie*,
Saves *All compares muſt amongſt æqualls bee.*
Now then (if this muſt the Contention end)
You of neceſſity your *Wife* muſt lend.
Then let me preſently her with me take,
And I her Image ſhall more *Lively* make.
Let no ſuſpition cauſe you to deny her,
Ile make it ſpeedily: And ſend it by her.
This done! The *Artiſt* cunningly did bid her,
Before him ſtand, as when her *Husband did her.*

Who ſpeedily his *Pencill* forth did plucke,
And cloſe himſelfe vnto his worke betooke.
So Iuſtly *Her* hee fitted euery where,
She ſwore her *Husband* could not him come neere.
: No better *Iudge* then, can I *haue*, nor *Will*,
: Goe home and tell thy *Husband* of my *Skill*.
At whoſe returne the *Good-man* (fond to know)
Askt her the *Enſigne* of his *Art* to ſhow.
(Quoth ſhe) this time the *Ground* he onely laide,
It ſhall in time bee perfected (hee ſaide)
Oft was he vrgent, (and woo'd Anſwer none,)
From day to day hee'd aske (*What ha's hee done?*)
It chanced ſo that in ſome 10. Months after,
Shee was deliuered of a goodly *Daughter*.
So like in all, to th'Mother was this *Elfe*,
That none could thought bee mother but *herſelfe*.
Which *Borne*, ſhe tooke, and to her *Man* did ſend it
Loe keere my Picture: Trie if you can mend it.

FINIS.

To the worthy Author upon these Epigrams.

LEt me not whilst I praise an *Epigram*,
Deserue a *Satyre*: Let not me who am
As nice in praising as dispraising still,
Commend your worke as trading *Poets* will:
For then I might praise Bookes I neuer read,
Bookes senceleſſe, at leaſt not Interpreted,
And sweare I know them good. Thus many doe
Commend and yet maintaine, their credits too:
Which, my poore Innocence hath much admir'd,
Till I perceiu'd these *Poets* who are hir'd,
In all respects are *Shop-keepers*: And they
Grow Bankroupts, if forsworne but once a day:
So these in wit grow beggerly whose sloath
Hath nothing but a Wager, or an Oath
To proue their owne or other mens desert:

And

And did not my per-vſall now conuert
My Iudgement to conſider what I praiſe:
I might (as they) approue, and many wayes
Recant hereafter: But I giue them leaue
To *Write* vpon me, when they ſhall perceiue
Such ſcorn'd Inconſtancie; and if they pleaſe
To doo't in *Epigrams*, Let them firſt learne *Theſe*.
Which if they can learne, they may truely boaſt,
They haue aduantage gotten with the moſt.

Io: Stephens.

BRITISH
MUSEUM

THE Third Booke of *Humours*:

Intituled *Notes from* BLACK-FRYERS.

RE

Epigram.

To his Lou: Chamber-Fellow, and neareſt Friend NAT: GVRLIN Of *Lincolnes-Inne* Gent.

(me doe?
NAT) Counſaile me! (faith!) what wod'ſt haue
My priuate *Notes* produce in publique *view*?
Tuſh! mooue me not: yet (doubtles) tis rare ſtuffe
And may Take. why not? if ſo! *Good* inough.
How ere (*Nat*) *Patronize* it, thou canſt tell,
(If ought miſlike:) I *meant*, and *wiſh* all *well*.
Then, *Good*: or *Bad*: heer (*Sirs*!) on liking take it:
If *Good*, 'tis I: If *Bad*: 'tis you that make it.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Notes from Black-Fryers.

(brace!
WHat (*friend Philemo*) let me thy corpes Im-
So jumpe met in this vnfrequented place?
Then, faith! 'lets Frolique't: pre'thee whats *& Play?*
(The firſt I viſited this twelue monthes day.)
(They ſay) *A new Inuented Toy of* Purle
That ieoparded his Necke, to ſteale a Girle
Of 12 : *And (lying faſt impounded for't)*
Hath hither ſent his Beard, to Act his part.
Againſt all thoſe in open Malice bent,
That would not freely to the Theft conſent.
Faines all to's wiſh, and in the Epilogue,
Goes out applauded for a famous ——)

Now

Notes from Black-fryers.

Now hang me if I did not looke at firſt,
For ſome ſuch ſtuffe by the fond peoples thruſt.
Then ſtay! Ile ſee't, and ſit it out (what ere)
Had I at comming forth tooke a *Gliſter*:
Had *Fate* fore-read me in a *Croude* to dye:
To bee made *Adder*-deafe with *Poppin*-crye.
Come, let's bethink our ſelues what may be found:
To deceiue *Time* with, till the ſecond ſound:
Out with theſe *matches* fore-runners of Smoake,
This *Indian paſtime* I could neuer brooke.

SEe (*Captaine Martio*) he ith' *Renounce me* Band,
That in the middle Region doth ſtand
Woth' reputation ſteele! Faith! lets remoue,
Into his *Ranke*, (if ſuch diſcourſe you Loue)
Hee'l tell of *Baſilisks*, *Trenches*, *Retires*:
Of *Pallizadoes*, *Parepets*, *Frontires*:

Notes from Black-fryers.

Of *Caluerins*, and *Baricadoes* too:
What to bee *Harquebazerd*: to lye in *Perdue*:
How many men a *Souldier* ought to slay
For a *Lieutenant-ship*: or Twelue month *Pay*.
Hee'l read a Lecture (by his skill exceeding)
Ot *Reputation*: when it lyes a *Bleeding*:
When *Titcht*: when *Ingaged*: when *quite Dead*:
: *How none may euer Fight once Baffled.*
What *satisfaction for the Lye*: and when
Quarrels are *mortall*: when *Seconds may come in.*
Then of the *Nether-lands*! what *Passes* there:
What stout *Performances*: wherein hee'l sweare
As many weekely fall but for the *Lye*,
As did in hotteſt time of *Sickneſſe* dye.
Laſt for his *Manhood*: how in furie (croſt)
For a falſe reckoning once he ſlew his *Hoſt*.
And late in *England*, (ſince his comming o're)
Into the *Channell* ſlung an *Oyſter*-whore.

For taking th'wall of him: ſeeme but to doubt
(The leaſt) of theſe: ſtraight he will plucke ye out
Handfuls of *Reputation*: gain'd of thoſe
That dared not his *Valour* counterpoſe.
But wronging him: and *call'd to account* for't
In *Satisfaction* from their *Hands woo'd part*.
Which he puts vp, and gloriouſly puts forth
In Ordinaries to proclaime his *worth*,
Thinking to get (what common ſence denyes)
Credit: by *Pocketting vp Iniuryes*.
Then *Learne* of him, he'l teach you how yee might
Be counted *Valiant*, and neuer *Fight*.

LOok next to him too, *One* we both know well,
(Sir *Iland Hunt*) a Trauailer that will tell
Of ſtranger Things then *Tatterd Tom* ere li't of,
Then *Pliny*, or *Heroditus* e're writ of:
How he a remnant lately brought with him

Of *Iacobs Ladder* from *Ieruſalem* :
At the *Barmodies* how the Fiſhes fly.
Of Lands inriched by a *Lottery*.
Of *Affricke*, *Ægypt* : with ſtrange Monſters fild,
Such as nere *Noahs Arke* : nere *Eden* held.
And rarer *Rarities*, then all of theſe :
Iuſt now to bee diſcouered (if yee pleaſe!)
Such as woo'd make a Blind-man fond to ſee :
Conuicted Gallants looſe their hopes and flie,
Moſt younger *Brothers* ſell their Lands to buy,
Guyanian Plumes : like *Icarus* to fly.

BVt ſtay ! ſee heere (but newly Entred,)
A *Cheapſide* Dame, by th'Tittle on her head !
Plot (Villain !) plot ! Let's lay our heads together!
We may deuiſe perchance to get her hither.
(If wee to-gether cunniningly compact)
Shee'l holde vs dooing till the Latter *Act*.

And (on my life) Inuite vs Supper home,
Wee'l thruſt hard for it, but wee'l finde her rome,
Heer *Mis*–(pox ont! ſhe's paſt, ſhe'l not come ore,
Sure ſhee's beſpoken for a box before.

KNoweſt thou yon world of faſhions now
In *Turkie* colours carued to the skin. (comes in
Mounted *Pelonianly* vntill hee reeles,
That ſcornes (ſo much) *plaine dealing* at his heeles.
His Boote ſpeakes *Spaniſh* to his *Scottiſh* Spurres,
His Sute cut *Frenchly*, round beſtucke with Burres.
Pure *Holland* is his Shirt, which proudly faire,
Seemes to out-face his *Doublet* euery where,
His Haire like to your *Moor's* or *Iriſh* Lockes,
His chiefeſt Dyet, *Indian* minced Dockes.
What Countrey *may-game* might wee this ſuppoſe,
Sure one woo'd thinke a *Roman* by his *Noſe*.

No! In his *Habite* better vnderſtand,
Hee is of *England* by his *Yellow Band*.

NOw *Mars* defend vs! ſeeſt thou who comes (yonder?
Monſtrous! A *Woman* of the *maſculine Gender*.
Looke! thou mayſt well deſcry her by her groath,
Out, point not man! Leaſt wee be beaten both.
Eye her a little, marke but where ſhee'l goe,
Now (by this hand) into the Gallants Roe.
Let her alone! What ere ſhe giues to ſtand,
Shee'l make her ſelfe a gayner, *By the Hand*.

WHat think'ſt thou of yon plumed *Dandebrat*,
Yon Ladyes *Shittle-cocke*, *Egyptian Rat*:
Yon *Musk-ball*, *Milke-ſop*: yon *French Sincopace*:
That Vſhers in, with a *Coranto* grace.

Yon *Gilded March-pane* : yon *All Verdingall*,
This is the *Puppet*, which the Ladyes all
Send for of purpoſe and ſolicite ſo
To *daunce* with them. *Pray (Sir) a ſtep or two.*
A *Galliard* or a *Iigg*: Pox ont! cryes hee,
That ere I knew this Toyling *faculty*.
Yet marke! No ſooner ſhall the *Cornets* blow,
But ye ſhall haue him skipping too and fro.

A Stoole and Cuſhion! Enter *Tiſſue ſlop*!
A Vengeance! I know him well, did he not drop
Out of the *Tyring-houſe*? Then how (the duſe)
Comes the miſhapen *Prodigall* ſo ſpruſe,
His year's *Reuenewes* (I dare ſtand vnto't,)
Is not of *worth* to purchaſe ſuch a *Sute*.
Tuſh! is it now to queſtion *Gallantry*,
When *No-land* for a rich *Gratuity*,

May Seale as deepe as can *Auaro's* Heire,
That may *dispend* fiue hundred a yeare?
When *Tradesmen* take by whole sale all they can,
Venting it *out*, on *day*, to any Man.
And then themselues for Twelu-pence in ỹ pound,
Will in the payment of the Debt be bound
And escape free by *Breaking*. This an age
To feare preferment? When a Rascall *Page*
An *Abiect* outside shall presume to Woe
Rich brured *(Cashia:)* and hope better too,
Then hee that of the *Of-scums* of his *Braine*,
Can a man better then the (Vice) maintaine.
(Tut! 'tis the *Mothers* plot! Now she shall see
The *Court* sometimes! Oh *Carnall Pollicy!*)
Then who in *Studdy* woo'd spend Time in vaine?
Omit youth's pleasures for a fruitlesse paine?
Or for an Ayrie puffe of Enuy'd *Praise*,
Liue bound to th'*Good-behauiour* all his dayes.

Hang't! Let's be *Iouiall*! *Braue* it whilſt we can!
Whats *Coyne* ordain'd for, but the vſe of *Man*?
To Borrow is a *Vertue*, when to Lend,
Is to beget an euerlaſting freind:
And may a man haue more ſaid in his grace,
Then to bee *Credited* in euery place?
Hee's not a Gentleman I dare maintaine,
Whoſe *Word* runnes not as Current as his *Coyne*.
A Pipe heere (Sirra) no *Sophiſtocate*.
(Villain) the *beſt*: what ere you *prize* it at.
Tell yonder Lady, with the *Yellow fan*,
I ſhall be proude to *Vſher* her anon:
My Coach ſtands ready. Lord how me thinkes I (long!
To carue the inſide of a dry'd *Neats-tong*.
England cannot afford a kinder reliſh,
For Backragg, *Deale*, or your more pleaſing *Reniſh*
When ſhall we make a pleaſant cut to *Douer*,
In a mad merry *Humor*? And ſend ouer?

A Laugh ſhall rouz the Hage: ſhake *Leſbon walls*:
And raiſe in Armes the fearfull *Portugalls*.
Say Gallants (faith) ſhall's neuer ſee the day,
When wee ſhall *Fiſh-ſtreet* once againe ſuruey.
A butterd *Crab* or *Lobſters* leg to get,
O Venus! How a Life I ſauour it?
Who woo'd not all his Land ſpend had hee more,
Then in a day a *Kite* could hoouer ore.
T'inioy the pleaſant *Harmony* that wee
Finde in this *Microcoſme*, Man's ſocietie.
When all is gone, tis weakneſſe to diſpaire,
Are there not wealthy *Widdowes* eu'ry where.
Ambitious Sick, woo'd part from all their *Good*,
To crowne their latter dayes with'a *French-hood?*
Are there not *Pates*, in ſtrange diſcoueries teaching
where mountains are of *Gold?* s'fut, tis but fetching!
Twenty ſuch *Fetches* hath the (Sharke) to moue
Gallants of the firſt *Head*, but to approue

His ſwaggering *Humor*, vowes that all he ſpends,
He getteth brauely by his *Fingers ends*.
There's not a *Cheapſide* Mercer (if he looke)
That will not ſweare to't deeply on his booke.
No noted *Notary* in *Cornwell* row,
But is ſubſcribed *Witneſſe* there too.
Silkmen, *Haberdaſhers*, *Tradeſmen* all:
Inamor'd on him, for his Cuſtome call,
And he takes *all* of them. But woe to him
If he bee *taken* but by *one* of *Them*.

: *W'Ant* it for Women woe ſhu'd all be men.
I cannot preſent better inſtance, then
In yon Spruſe *Coxcombe*, yon Affecting *Aſſe*,
That neuer walkes without his *Looking-glaſſe*,
In a *Tobacco* box, or *Diall* ſet,
That he may priuately conferre with it.

How his *Band* jumpeth with his *Peccadilly*,
Whether his Band-ſtrings ballance equaliy:
Which way his *Feather* wagg's: And (to ſay truth)
What wordes in vtterance beſt become his mouth.
Oh! Hadſt thou yeſterday beheld the *Valour*
I ſaw him exerciſing on his *Taylour*.
How, *out of meaſure*, hee the Raſcall beat,
Not fitting to his *minde* his Doublet.
Lord! how I laught to ſee the witleſſe Noddy,
Durſt not reply, he meant it to his *Body*.
See Villain, Rogue! (And in he ſhrinks his breſt)
Oh Heauens! Too wide a handfull at the leaſt,
Straight it is Cut! And then proues (being try'd)
As much too little on the other ſide.
But what skil't! Hee'l haue an attractiue *Lace*,
And *Whalebone-bodyes*, for the better grace.
Admit ſpare *dyet*, on no ſuſtnance feed,
But *Oatmeale*, *Milke*, and crums of *Barly-bread*.

Vſe Exerciſe vntill at laſt hee fit:
(With much adoe) his Body vnto it.
Hee'l not approach a *Tauerne*, no nor drinke ye
To ſaue his life *Hot-water*, (wherefore thinke ye,)
For heating's *Liuer*! Which ſome may ſuppoſe
Scalding hote, by the *Bubbles* on his *Noſe*.
Hee'l put vp any *publique* foule diſgrace,
Rather then hazzard cutting of his *Face*.
If in his Element you'd haue the (*Foole*!)
Aske him when he came from the *Dauncing-ſchoole*
Whereas much *Leather* he doth dayly waſte
In the French *Cringe*, which *Ieremy* brought laſt.
And more, then *Coriat* (I dare maintaine)
In going to the *Alpes* and backe againe.
Whereof, that all the world may notice take,
See! euery ſtep an *Honor* hee doth make
That Ladyes, may *denote* him with their *Fan*,
As he goes by; with a *Lo: Hee's the man*.

Notes from Black-fryers.

I S't not a thing to bee admired at
That any man ſhould *Sing* himſelfe in debt.
Then who'd not giue as willingly a groate,
To heare *(Fantaſticks)* admirable note?
: As ſee a *Mandrake*, or a *Sea-monſter*:
: *Edwards blade*: with the *Tombes* at *Weſtminſter*.
The *Eagle* at the *Tower*: St. *Iames's Rarityes*:
The *Eſtrich*, or *Beauer*, that woo'd worrey Trees?
(Amorous *Fantaſticke*) that did neuer ayme at
A ſmaller *Riſe*, then *Ela* in the *Gamat*.
That ne're conuerſed but with men of *Note*,
Your Crotchet *Pate*, and your *Organick Throat*.
Neuer *Ambitious* more then to be able,
But to attaine vnto a Chamber *Treble*.
Wondrous proficient! See how the Gentlewomen
Throng to his *Chamber doore*, but dare not come in,
Why? leaſt he *rauiſh* them! Tuſh! Laugh ye not,
H'as done (I woſſe) as great exploites as that.

(Or

(Or elſe he cracks) the ſweetneſſe of his voyce
Ore-heard of Ladyes, hath procur'd him choyſe
Of *Matches*: Noble, Rich: but hee'l not meddle,
And why (I pray?) for cracking of his *Treble*.
No! hee'l with better induſtry make tryall,
If hee can *Match* his Treble to the *Viol*.
Gainſt when, hee hath proclaim'd throughout the (Citty,
To *All your Witts*, an Angell for a Ditty:
Faith! was he heere wee'd bargain for a *Rime*,
And heere he comes. So truely he keepes Time.

BVt h'ſt! with him Crabbed (*Webſterio*) (*ho*—
The *Play-wright*, *Cart-wright*: whether? either!
No further. Looke as yee'd bee look't into:
Sit as ye woo'd be *Read*: *Lord*! who woo'd know (him?
Was euer man ſo mangl'd with a *Poem*?
See how he drawes his mouth awry of late,

How he ſcrubs : wrings his wreſts : ſcratches his
A *Midwife*! helpe? By his *Braines coitus*, (Pate.
Some *Centaure* ſtrange : ſome huge *Bucephalus*,
Or *Pallas* (ſure) ingendred in his *Braine*,
Strike *Vulcan* with thy hammer once againe.

This is the *Crittick* that (of all the reſt)
I'de not haue view mee, yet I feare him leaſt,
Heer's not a word *curſiely* I haue *Writ*,
But hee'l *Induſtriouſly* examine it.
And in ſome 12. monthes hence (or there *about*)
Set in a ſhamefull ſheete, my errors *out*.
But what care I it *will* be ſo obſcure,
That none ſhall vnderſtand him (I am ſure.)

Others may chance (that know me not a right,)
Report (iniurioufly) all my delight,
And ſtrength of ſtuddy I doe wholly bend

To this *Loſſe-labour* and no other end.
To theſe I wiſh my ſcandald *Muſe* reply
In as plaine tearmes as may bee 'Tis a lye.
Heer's but *Pate-paſtime: Play-houſe Obſervation,*
Fruits of the vacants howers of a *Vacation.*
Then (ſay all what they can) I am ſure of this,
That for *Play-time* it is not ſpent amiſſe.

Semel inſanivimus omnes.
Once wee haue all
Beene Iouiall.

FINIS

To his worthy Friend, H.F.

vpon his *Notes from*
BLACK-FRYERS.

HAd the *Black-Fryers* beene ſtill vn-ſuppreſſd,
I cannot thinke their Cloyſters had bin bleſſd
With better contemplations: Seeing now
Leſſe may be gleand from *Puritanes* then you
Haue gathered from the *Play-houſe*. And I muſt
(Though't bee a *Players* vice to be vniuſt,
To Verſe not yeelding coyne) let *Players* know
They cannot recompence your labour: Though
Theygrace you with a Chayre vpon the Stage,
And take no money of you nor your Page.
For now the *Humours* which oppreſſe *Playes* moſt,
Shall (if the owners can feele ſhame) be loſt:
And when they ſo conuerted doe allow,
What they diſlik'd once, *Players* muſt thanke you,

And

And *Poets* too : for both of them will ſaue
Much in true Verſe, which hiſſes might depraue :
Since you haue ſo refin'd their Audience,
That now good *Playes* will neuer neede defence.

Io: Stephens.

Epilogue.

The Author for Himselfe.

I Am no Poet! (yet I doe not know
Why I should not: or why I should be so,)
I can (I must confesse) a *Metre* scan:
And Iudge of *Verses* as an other man.
I haue been Trayn'd vp'mongst the *Muses*: (more!)
The sacred Name of *Phebus* I adore,

Epilogue.

Yet *I no Poet am* !(I'de haue ye know)

I am no Poet (as the world goes now.)

: My *Muſe* cannot a *Note* ſo poorly frame,

: As Inuocate a *Penny-Patrons* name.

: I cannot ſpeake and vnſpeake (as I liſt :)

: Exchange a *ſound* friend for a *broken* Ieſt :

: Conferre with *Fountaines* : or conuerſe with *Trees*.

: Admit in my diſcourſe *Hyperbolyes*.

I can-

Epilogue.

I cannot highly praiſe *Thoſe* higheſt are
Becauſe they ſit in *Honours* lofty chayre.
Nor make their States in *Sonnets* happy knowne,
Being (perchance) leſſe happy then mine owne.
I cannot ſing my *Miſtris ſhee* is *Faire*:
Tell her of her Lilly *Hand*: her golden *Haire*,
Fetch a Compariſon (beyond the *Moone*,)
To proue her conſtant in *Affection*.

Epilogue.

: I dare not *Her* ſo much as *Louely* call :

: Or ſay I haue a *Miſtris* at all.

: Why? Ere too morrow, ſhe will changed bee :

: And leaue me laught at for my *Poetry*.

Had I of *Scoggins* Crowes writ : or ſet out

In *Womans* Praiſes what I was about.

I am perſwaded (yet I cannot tell)

I had a *Poet* prou'd againſt my will.

Epilogue.

Yet (ye vnproued good) blame not becauſe

I yet as (doubtfull on your merits) pauſe.

I will produce and *Patronize* it too:

Finde I but one amongſt ſo many true.

But *Faine* I cannot, heere is not a word,

Which I dare not maintaine true with my ſword.

Poets men *Lyers* call. If ſo! Then (know it)

Hee is a *Poet*, doth mee call a *Poet*.

Poſt-ſcript to his
Book-binder.

S*Tationer*) A *Goodturne* to thee I owe:
Heere! I will pay thee now in *Folio.*
But ſtay! Not ſoe; that I woo'd haue thee put
Mee in the *Folio:* or the *Quarto cut.*
Rather contriue mee to the *Smalleſt ſize,*
Leaſt I bee eaten vnder *Pippin-pyes.*
Or in th' *Apothicaryes* ſhop bee ſcene
To wrap *Drugg's*: or to dry *Tobacco* in.
Firſt (might I chuſe) I would be *bound* to wipe,
Where he diſtharged laſt his *Gliſter-pipe.*

Post-script.

The *Character* I care not, *Great*, or *Small*,
So I bee plainly vnderstood of all.
Onely preserue mee from the sight of *Those*,
That cannot but must *Read* me in the *Nose*.
Then care to cast mee: not ith' *Learned Row*,
Least I the *Learned* censure vndergoe.
Nor lay me with scald *Poets* least I titch,
And so become infected with *Their* itch.
Let not each *Pesant*, each *Mecannick Asse*,
That neer knew further then his *Horn-booke* crosse.
Each rauin-*Rustick*: each illiterate *Gull*:
Buy of my *Poesie*, by pocket full.
Bookes like *made-Dishes* may for *Daintyes* goe,
Yet will not euery *pallate* taste 'em so:

Then

Poſt-ſcript.

Then were it good, I ſhould inioyne the *Sell.*
Mee vnto none but thoſe that loue me well.
If any Puff-paſte, Bumbaſte *Iobernole*,
Wrapt in the Hangings of a *Brokers-ſtall.*
A halfe-*Noſe*: or a Carbonado'd face:
Of a ſuſpitious ſubtill Serpents pace.
Truſt to a *Basket-hilt*: chances to drop,
But for a *Reſting*-roome into thy ſhop.
And catches in his fatall hand my *Rime.*
To lurke in it, vntill hee ſee his *Time.*
Thruſt him out head-long, for (beleiue him not)
Now (by the *Mace*) it is a *Counter*-plot.
If thou behold a Courtcaſt *Satten*-ſhow,
Fallen from the Faſhion a Degree or two.

Poſt-Script.

One as goes purueying vp and downe for *Tales*,
To ſett his hungry ſtomacke into *meales*.
That with a merry pocket-*Pamphlet* will,
For a weeke after Laugh his *Belly full*.
Send him to Sojourne with Duke *Humfrey*,
Let him ſtarue ere hee get a bitt of mee.
Leaſt lying (*Read*) neglected in his *Slop*,
I bee conueyed vnto the *Brokers*-ſhop.
Or by his theeuiſh *Page* diſcouered:
Quickly conuerted into *Ginger-bread*.
If any *Younger Brother*, that noe more
Hath then a Daggle-tayl'd *Sheep-skin* kept in ſtore:
Whoſe Annuall fleece will but bare meanes afford,
And with the *Echer* of his Brothers bord.

That

Post-script.

That ſits a *Ledger* at his Fathers Table:
My *Booke* woo'd fondly purchaſe: (hardly able,)
To win, the preſence by the Fiers ſide,
Of Mrs. *Sis*, or *Sue* the Dary-maide.
Or choke the *Ruſticke* Leather-lobs with laughter
Bid him goe ſtuddy how to liue hereafter:
Read where more ſollid ſubſtance hee may get
To *Liue* vpon, or learne to goe in *Debt*.
Ye, ye, *Braue Gallants*: *Patrons* of liuely mirth:
Ye, the young hopefull *Land-Lords* of the Earth:
The youth of youth! That read moſt liberally,
More out of *Paſtime* then *neceſſity*.
Yee worthy Worthyes! None elſe (might I chuſe)
Doe I deſire my Poeſie *peruſe*.

For

Poſt-ſcript.

For to ſaue charges: ere the *Playes* begin:
Or when the Lord of *Libertie* comes in.
And if a *Booke* muſt needs a *Patron* haue,
Yours is the onely Patronage I craue.
Orhers I wiſh the *Stationer* fore-warne,
With a *Hand's off*: *It is not for your turne.*

FINIS.

The Satires and Epigrams
Henry Fitz Jeffery, not to
were written by Charles Fitz-
= Jeffery, the author of a very
scarce Collection of Latin
Epigrams entitled Affania
printed at Oxford in 1603.

I have seen another Copy
of this book printed for Ths.
Jones, 1620 †; yet on comparing
them they appear to be of
the same edition, corresponding in every particular, except the variation in the title-page already mentioned

E.M.

CERTAIN ELEGIES,

DONE

BY SVNDRIE

Excellent Wits.

WITH

Satyres and Epigrames.

LONDON,
Printed by *B: A:* for *Miles Partriche*, and are to be ſolde at his ſhoppe neare Saint *Dunſtons* Church in Fleet-ſtreete.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA
DUM SPIRO SPERO

An Elegie by F.B.

SO Madam may my verſes pleaſing be,
So may you laugh at them, and not at me.
Tis ſomething to you I would gladly ſay,
But how to doe it, cannot finde the way:
I would auoyde the common troden wayes,
To Ladyes vſ'd, which be or loue or prayſe:
As for the firſt, that little wit I haue,
Is not yet growne ſo neere vnto the graue,
But that I can by that dim-fading light.
Perceiue of what, and vnto whom I write:
Let ſuch as in a hopeleſſe, witleſſe rage,
Can ſigh a quire, and reade it to a page,
Such as can make ten Sonets ere they reſt,
When each is but a a great blot at the beſt,
Such (as) can backes of bookes, and windows fill,
With their (too furious Diamond and Quill)
Such as are well reſolued to end their dayes,
With a loude laughter blowne behind the Sea:
Such as are mortified, that they can liue,

Laught at by all the world, and yet forgiue,
Write loue to you, I would not willingly,
Be pointed at in euery company,
As was that little Tayler, who till death
Was hote in loue with Queene *Elizabeth*.
And for my laſt, in all my liuing dayes,
I neuer yet did liuing creature prayſe,
In verſe, nor proſe, and when I doe beginne,
Ile picke ſome woman out, as full of ſinne,
As you are full of vertue, with a ſoule
As blacke as yours is white, a face as foule,
As yours is beautifull, for it ſhall be
Out of the rules of *Phyſiognomie*.
So farre, that I doe feare, I muſt diſplace,
The arte a little, to let in the face.
It ſhall at leaſt fower faces bee below,
The Diuels and her parched corpes ſhall ſhow
In hir looſe skin, as if ſome ſpirit ſhe were,
Kept in a bagge, by ſome great Coniurer:
Her breath ſhall be as horrible and vilde,
As euery word you ſpeake is ſweet and milde:
It ſhall be ſuch a one, as will not be,
Couered with any art or policie.
But let her take all waters, fumes and drinke,
Shee ſhall make nothing but a dearer ſtinke.
She ſhall haue ſuch a face, and ſuch a noſe,
As will not ſtand in any thing but proſe:
If I beſtow my prayſes vpon ſuch,

'Tis Charity, and I ſhall merite much,
My prayſe will come to her like a full bowle,
Beſtow'd at moſt need on a thirſty ſoule,
Where if I ſing your praiſes in my ryme,
I looſe my incke, my paper and my time,
Adde nothing to your euer flowing ſtore,
And tell you noughts but what you knew before,
Nor doe the vertuous minded, which I ſweare
Madam, I thinke you are, delight to heare
Their owne perfections into queſtion brought,
But ſtoppe their eares at them, for if I thought
You tooke a pride, to haue your vertues knowne,
(Pardon me Madam) I ſhould thinke them none,
But if your braue thoughts (which I muſt reſpect
Aboue your glorious titles) ſhall accept
Theſe harſh diſordered lines, I ſhall ere long
Dreſſe vp your vertues new, in a new ſong:
Yet far from all baſe prayſe of flatterie.
Although I know what ere my verſes be,
They will like the moſt ſeruile flatterie ſhew,
If I write truth, and make my ſubiect you.

Fr. Beau:

An Elegie on the Lady Penelope Clifton. By M.Dr.

MVſt I needes write, who's he that can refuſe?
He wants a mind for her that hath no Muſe
The thought of her doth heau'nly rage inſpire.
Next powerfull to thoſe clouen tongues of fire,
Since I knew ought, time neuer did allow,
Me ſtuffe fit for an Elegie till now.
When *France* and *Englands Henries* dy'de my quill,
Why I know not, but it that while lay ſtill,
Tis more then greatneſſe that my ſpirit muſt rayſe,
To obſerue cuſtome I vſe nor to prayſe,
Not the leaſt thought of mine yet ere depended
On any one from whom ſhe was deſcended,
That for their fauour I this way ſhould wooe,
As ſome poore wretched thing perhaps may doe.
I gaine the end whereat I onely ayme,
If by my freedome I may giue her fame i
Walking then forth, being newly vp from bed,
(Oh) Sir quoth one, the Lady *Clifton's* dead,

When

When but that reaſon my ſterne rage withſtood,
My hand had ſure beene guilty of his bloud.
If ſhee bee ſo, muſt thy rude tongue confeſſe it,
And com'ſt thou too ſo coldly to expreſſe it.
Thou ſhoul'dſt haue giuẽ a ſhrike to make me feare thee
That might haue ſlain what euer had bin neer thee.
Thou ſhould'ſt haue com'n like *Time* with thy ſcalpe bare
And in both hands thou ſhould'ſt haue brought thy hai
Caſting vpon me ſuch a dreadfull looke,
As ſeene a ſpirit, or th'adſt beene thunder ſtrooke.
And gazing on me ſo a little ſpace,
Thon ſhould'ſt haue ſhot thine eye-balls in mỹ face
Then falling at my feet thon ſhould'ſt haue ſayd,
(Oh) ſhe is gone, and Nature with her dead.
With this ill newes amaz'd, by chance I paſt
By that neere groue, whereas both firſt and laſt
I ſaw her, not three months before ſhe dy'd,
When though full ſumuer gan to vaile her pride,
And thar I ſaw men lead home ripened corn,
Beſides aduiſ'd me well, I durſt haue ſworne,
The lingring yeare the Autumne had reiourn'd,
And the freſh ſpring had beene againe return'd,
Her delicacie, louelineſſe and grace,
With ſuch a ſummer brauery deckt the place,
But now alas it look'd forlorne and dead,
And where ſhe ſtood the fading leaues were ſhed,
Preſenting ſo much ſorrow to my ſight,
(Oh) God thought I, this is her Embleme right,

...e I thinke it cannot but bee thought,
That I to her by prouidence was brought:
or that the Fates foredooming she should dye,
Shew'd me this wondrous master-peece, that I
Should sing her Funerall, that the world should know it
That Heau'n did thinke her worthy of a Poet:
My hand is fatall, nor doth Fortune doubt,
For what it writes, not fire shall ere raze out.
A thousand silken puppets should haue dy'de,
And in their fulsome coffins putrifide:
Ere in my lines, you of their names should heare,
Or in the world tell such there euer were,
Whose memory shall from the earth decay,
Before those ragges be worne they gaue away,
Had I her godlike features neuer seene,
Poore slight report had told me she had beene
A handsome Lady, comely, very well;
And so might I haue liu'd an Infidell,
As many doe which did her neuer see,
Or cannot credite what shee was by me:
Nature, her selfe that before Art prefers,
To goe beyond all our Cosmographers,
By Charts and Mappes exactly that haue showne,
All of this earth that euer could be known;
For that shee would aboue them all descrie,
What art could not by any mortall eye:
A mappe of heauen in her rare features drue,
And that she did so liuely and so true,

That any ſoule but ſeeing it, might ſweare,
That all was perfect heauenly that was there:
If euer any painter were ſo bleſt,
To draw that face which ſo much heauen expreſt,
If in his beſt of skill he did her right,
I wiſh it neuer may come in my ſight;
I greatly doubt my faith, weake man, leſt I
Should to that face commit Idolatrie.
Death might haue tyth'd her ſexe, but for this one
Nay haue ta'ne halfe, to haue let her alone:
Such as their wrinckled temples to ſupply,
Cyment themvp with ſluttiſh *Mercurie*.
Such as vndreſt, were able to affright,
A valiant man approaching him by night:
Death might haue taken ſuch, her end defer'd,
Vntill the' dayes ſhee had been clymaterd:
When ſhe would haue been at threeſcore yeares & three;
Such as our beſt, at three and twenty be,
With enuie then he might haue ouerthrowne her,
When age nor time had power to ceaze vpon her:
But when the vnpittying Fates her end decreede,
They to her end did inſtantly proceed,
For well they knew if ſhe had languiſh'd ſo,
As thoſe which hence by naturall cauſes goe:
So many prayers and teares for her had ſpoken,
As certainely theyr yron lawes had broken,
And had wak'd heauen, who clearly would haue ſhow'd
That change of kingdoms to her death ſhe ow'd,

And

And that the world ſtill of her end might thinke,
It would haue let ſome neighbouring mountaine ſinke
Or the vaſte ſea it in on vs to caſte,
As *Seuerne* did about ſome fiue yeares paſt,
Or ſome ſterne Commet his curld top to reare,
Whoſe length ſhould meaſure half our Hemiſpheare:
Holding this height, to ſay ſome will not ſticke,
That now I raue, and am grow'n lanaticke,
You of what ſexe ſo ere you be, you lye,
Tis thou thy ſelfe art lunatique, not I:
I charge you in her name that th us is gone,
That may coniure you if you be not ſtone,
That you no harſh nor ſhallow tymes decline
Vpon that day wherein you ſhall reade mine,
(Such as indeed are falſely tearmed verſe,
And will but ſit like moath's vpon her Herſe,)
Nor that no child, no chambermaid, nor page
Diſturbe the roome the whil'ſt my ſacred rage,
In reading is, but whilſt you heare it read,
Suppoſe before you, that you ſee her dead,
The walles about you hung with mournfull blacke,
And nothing for her funerall doth lacke:
And when this period giues you leaue to pauſe,
Caſt vp your eyes and ſigh for my applauſe.

An

An Elegie. by N. H.

WHether thoſe Honours, or elſe Loue, itbe
That on his windie wings doth carry me;
I find thy outward fauours much much exchang'd,
And their fayre order falſ'd, and diſarang'd,
I ſeeke thee in thy ſelfe, but cannot ſee,
A trace or ſhadow that reſembles thee,
Thoſe eyes, that wont the morning light out-ſhining,
And by reflection, our dull beames refining,
Whoſe motion did from earthly darkneſſe free vs,
Does with negle& regard, and ſlightly ſee vs,
Thoſe lips that wonting to depart in ſunder,
Charm'd the admiring hearer in his wonder:
Vſe not their power, as fainting in their courſe,
Nor does thy ſauing tongue diſplay her force,
Thy heart that in free graces ſo abounded,
Is now with iealouſies and feares ſurrounded,
Pale trembling, doubt, with many ey'd ſuſpition,
Keepes ſolemne court in thy ſad diſpoſition,
Briefly, ſo deſperate a change I finde,
As ſuddenlie is not to be definde,

If

I the[illegible]onours or ambition,
Be arch[illegible] that thy feares are founded on,
Be leſſe ambitious, ſeeke to comprehend
Leſſe in thy vaſte thoughts, and thy feares will end:
Fit be loue, that does deuide thy reſt,
And waken vp thoſe tumults in thy breſt,
It askes more, pardon for thy beautie's ſuch,
As for mans good thou canſt not loue too much.
Thine age is tender, and to loue inuites,
Then ſeeke out thy [illegible]quired appetites,
Which when thou haſt encountred in ſome one
Of thouſands, whoſe ſupreame perfection,
Will bee a double ſoule, to loue and ſerue,
Thine art ſhall bee ſuch duty to preſerue,
And with deare grace nurſe the concealed fire,
Till it to glorious action may aſpire:
Which though but ſeldome, when it does arriue,
And in a well eſpyed occaſion thriue,
Shall open wonders, ſuch as by *Cupids* leaue,
None but the elder louers can conceyue,
Whom thou from point to point muſt imitate,
And from their ground new principles create,
Which thou to thy occaſions muſt apply,
And let no minutes paſſe, vnuſed by,
Bee well aduiſde, and warie in thy choyce,
And know him well, to whom thou giueſt thy voyce
So perfect notices, required are
Of him, with whom thine honour goes ſo farre,

But

But hauing well explor'd, it will behoue
Thou be not nice, to ſhew that thou do'ſt loue,
Diſcretion, asking it ſhould be reueal'd,
As cleare to him, as from the world conceal'd,
For inundacitie, did neuer ayde,
And hath loues childhood oftentimes betrayde,
Beſides, there's loſſe of time in Ceremonie,
Ere ought be done, the world being call'd to eye
Thine actiue wit, with iealous thought fore-runne,
And let the buſineſſe many times be done,
With fauours numberleſſe, which thou ſhalt beſtow,
Ere thou in diſtance of opinion grow.
But walke in ſecret, and conſult with night,
And ſhun the dangers of the treaſnous light.
Sleepe ſilent Mother euer friend to loue,
Will thy proportions Secretarie proue,
And in her quiet ſayles her forfaites hide,
Which are no faults but when they are eſpied.

N. H.

on the death of the three sonnes
of the Lord Sheffeild, drowned neere
where Trent falleth into Humber.

LIght Soncts hence, and to looſe louers flie,
And mournfull maydens ſing an Elegie,
On thoſe three *Sheffelds* ouerwhelm'd with waues,
Whoſe ioſſe the teares of all the Muſes craues,
A thing ſo full of pitty as this was,
Me thinkes (for nothing) ſlightly ſhould not paſſe:
Treble this loſſe was, why ſhould it not borrow̃,
Through this Iſles tripple parts, a treble ſorrow:
But Fate did this to let the world to know,
That ſorrow which from common cauſes grow
Are not worth mourning for, the loſſe to beare,
But of one onely ſon's not worth a teare,
Some tender hearted man as I may ſpend
Some teares (perhaps) for a deceaſed friend:
Some men perhaps their wiues late death may rue,
Or wiues their husbands, but ſuch be but few:
Care that hath vſ'd the hearts of men to tuch,
So oft and deepely, will not now be ſuch,
Who will care for loſſe of maintenance, or place,
Fame, Liberty, or of the Princes grace,
Or ſutes in law, by vile corruption croſte,
When he ſhall finde that this which he hath loſt,
(Alaſſe) is nothing to theirs which did loſe
Three ſonnes at once ſo excellent as thoſe:
May it be fear'd, that this in time may breed
Hard hearts in meu to their owne naturall ſeed,
That in reſpect of this great loſſe of theirs,

M

Men will ſcarce mourne the death of th
Through all this Iſle their loſſe ſo publike is,
That euery man doth take them to be his,
And as a plague which had beginnings there,
So catching is and raigning euery where,
That thoſe the farth'ſt remote as much do rue.
As thoſe then moſt familiarly that knew thee,
Children with this diſaſter are wex'd ſage,
And like to men that ſtrooken are in age,
Talke what it is, three children at one time,
Thus to haue drown'd, and in their very prime,
Yea, and doe learne to act the ſame ſo well
That then old folks, they better can it tell.
Inuention oft, that paſſion vſde to faine,
In ſorrow of it ſelfe, but ſleight and meane,
To make it ſeeme great, that here ſhall not need,
For that this ſubiect doth ſo farre exceed
All forc'd expreſsion, that what Poeſie ſhal
Happily thinke to grace it ſelfe withall,
Fals ſo below it, that it rather borrowes
Grace from their griefe, then addeth to their ſorrows:
For ſad miſchance thus in the loſſe of three,
To ſhew it ſelfe the vtmoſt it could be;
Alſo exacting by the ſelfe ſame Law
The vtmoſt teares that ſorrow, had to draw
All future times hath vtterly preuented
Of a more loſſe, or more to be lamented,
Whileſt in fayre youth they liuely flouriſht here,
To their kind Parents they were onely deare,

D[illegible]d, now euery one doth take
Them for their owne, and doe like sorrow make.
As for their owne begot, as they pretended
Hope in the issue, which should haue descended
From them againe: nor here doth end our sorrow,
But those of vs that shall be borne to morrow,
Still shall lament them, and when times shall count,
To what vaste nomber passed yeares shall mount,
They from their death's shall duly reckon so,
As from the Deluge former vs'd to doe.
O cruell *Humber*, guilty of their gore,
I nowe beleeue more then I did before
The British story, that thy name begunne,
Of kingly *Humber*, an inuading *Hunne*,
By thee deuoured, for tis likely thou
With bloud wert christned, bloud thirsty till now,
The *Owse*, the *Don*, & that more siluer *Trent*,
To drowne these *Sheffeilds*, as yee gaue consent,
Shall curse the time, that ere you were infused,
Which haue your waters basely thus abused:
The groueling Boore, yee hinder not to goe,
And at his pleasure firrie to and fro:
The very best part of whose soule and bloud,
Compar'd with theirs is viler then thy mud.
But wherefore paper doe I idely spend
On these deafe waters to so little end.
And vp to starry heau'n doe I not looke,
In which, as in an euerlasting Booke:
Our ends are written, O let times reherse,
The [illegible]ll losse in their sad anniuerse..

M. D.

The Author in praiſe of his owne BOOKE.

COmmend my *Selfe*? No! But my *Booke* I may!
And boldly (blameleſſe) 'tis *Praiſe-worthy* ſay.
How ſo? The ſenceleſſe Subſtance well may plead,
My *Selfe* I was not, when the *Booke* I made.

Of his deare Friend the Author, H.F.

OF what is heere thou'lt not haue any write
Prayſes: that willing, would: and iuſtly might,
Permit me then! For Ile *Praiſe* what I ſee
Deficient heere (thy name FITZ-IEOFFERY,)
Where Engliſh FITZ aright, and I ha' done
So rightly art thou called IEOFFERYES-Sonne.

Then adde time *Age* but to thy induſtry,
In thee againe will liue *Old*-IEOFFERY.

NATH: GVRLYN.

The Author's Answer.

OF what is *Heere* I forbid any *Write*
Praiſes. Why? Nothing *Heere* can merite it:

Yet Ile *Permit* thee. Thoul't but *Praiſe* my *Name.*
And that's *Deficient.* Then *Praiſe* not for ſhame

Where do (FITZ) *right*: *Write*, place it to ỹ minde:
Stil *rightly* muſt (FITZ) IEOFFERYES come behind
(wrought:
French muſt turne *Engliſh* firſt, (ſtrange wonders)
(*Olde*) be a new *Borne*: The (*Sonne*) brought to
(naught.

HORAT: *De Arte Poeti.*

NVnc ſatis eſt dixiſſe, Ego mira poemata pango:
Occupet extremum ſcabies!

Anglicè ſic

NOw 'tis inough to ſpeake,
I wondrous Poemes make:
Then, Diuell the hindmoſt take.

Satyra prima.

Lib: I.

WHo'd not at venture *Write*? So many waies
A man may proue a *Poet* now a daies?
Does *Nature* witt afford to breake a Ieſt?
This is a *Poet*: and his friends proteſt
He is to blame he *Writes* not: when (indeed,)
Th'Illiterate Gull can neither *write* nor *read*.
Let *Nature* faile! Takes he but ſo much *Paine*,
To *write obſcurely*: adding ſo much *Braine*.
As end his crabbed ſenceleſſe verſe in *Rime*:
This might a *Poet* beene in *Perſeus* time.

And more! (Though *Horace* in his book reherſes)
(Nature and Arte are both requir'd in Verſes.)
There are thoſe, of their *Poetry* will vaunt,
Which do (God wot) both *Wit* & *Learning* want;
I know them! Such as they at Table ſit
Each *Ieſt* you ſpeake, will to a *Metre* fit.
And thus your *Witt's* ſell for their priuate gaine
And bee accounted *Poets* for their paine.
Others there are, that *Others workes* ſuruay,
And muſt from all thinges ſome thing *filtch* away,
Who if to weaker *Braines* they can vnfolde
A *Learned Author*: nick a Phraſe thats olde:
Or change but one word in a line or two: (ſo?
Straight all's their owne, they *write*, who doubts i
When I wood ſcarce beleeu't, though they, in fine,
To euery Verſe ſubſcribe: *By Ioue 'tis mine.*
Nor is't inough they this in priuate ſhow,
But theſe are *Poets*, all the world muſt know.

Satyres.

'Tis ſtrange to ſee what ſtretching is of *Witt*,
What ſpare of ſpeech this plentious *Preſſe* begets.
Some (if you keepe them company) you'l finde
As choiſe to breake a *Ieſt* as to bteake winde.
And what's the reaſon thinke ye? Onely this:
All they can ſpeak's too little for the *Preſſe*.
Where 'tis not loſſe of *Friend*, *Life*, *Libertie*,
Shall cauſe them keepe a *Ieſt* in ſecrecy.
Others haue helpes: when their *Invention* faile,
Straight they begin abuſiuely to raile.
Then out comes *Whelps of the olde Dog*: for ſport:
Shall barke at Great ones: bite the meaner ſort:
When the On-ſetters (after all their paine:
For feare, woo'd gladly call them in againe.
And theſe will *Poets* bee accounted too:
Becauſe they *Dare* doe more then others doe.
Though they their *Verſes write*, (a man may ſay:)
As Clown's get Baſtards, and ſtraight runne away.

Montanus

Satyres.

Montanus needes will bee a *Poet!* why?
Becauſe the *Muſes* on a *Mountaine* hy
Inhabited. *Peto* for that his *Name*
Denotes him *Poet* in the Anagrame:
And Quaint *Caſtilio*: (ſince his Father dy'd!)
Who many *Volumes* publiſh't: and beſide
Diuers neglected, Left vnto his Son:
Which dubbes him *Poet*, by præſcription.
True! And *Caſtilio* will approued bee,
Or he will *Print* his Fathers *Legacy*.
And marke *Criſippo*, but what ſhifts he'l finde,
Ere he'l bee counted once to come behinde,
In euery *Booke* he will beſpeake afore:
The comming out, roome for halfe a ſcore
Or a dozen *Verſes*, which he'l hugely puffe
With commendations of the Authors ſtuffe.
And in *Hyperbolyes* his *Name* extoll
Yond *Homer*, *Virgill*, *Ouide*, *Iuuenall*.

Vouching no better *Volume*, ere was *Writ*,
And that himſelfe hath had a *Hand* in it.
Oh this vaine-*Praiſe*-*Affecting Poetry*
Is a *bewitching*-*itching Leoproſie*: (*Braine*,
That makes men *Rub*, *ſcrub*, *rouz* and *touz* their
Pump their *Pates* dry for *Ieſts*: and all to gaine
So much *Report*: might ſerue to make them vaunt,
They are *Applauded* (though of *Ignorant*.) (ill)
They'l *ſnatch*, and *ſcratch*, and *ſcrape* (though nere ſo
And rather ſmart then holde their fingers ſtill:
Be there a Citty ſhow: or ſight at Court:
Of Acts Heroicke: or of Princely ſport:
(which right to *write* of, or in Type to tell:
Might taxe a *Daniels* or a *Spencers* quill.)
Marke how theſe hungerbit *Inuentions* ſcud
To eye! to ſpy! All for no other good
Then onely this! poore this! But to obtaine:
Some fodder for their needy greedy ſtraine.

See then how *(Enuy)* gin's her eyes to fat
On dainties plenty, and repines thereat!
How muttering *Momus* (that knowes not to bite,)
Grumbles and mumbles mouthfuls out of ſpite.
How curriſh *(Critticks)* moſt ſeuerely harke:
Ready at each ſound of applauſe to barke.
How all together, and how each a part
Stretch, retch, faine, ſtrain, Inuention, Iudgement Art,
Raile, Lybell: what not? Rather then labour looſe
Ieſt on your Geſture: or be-lye your cloathes.
A ſubiect fitter for a Beadles fiſt
Then the tart lines of a ſmart Satyr iſt.
Let Natures cauſes (which are too profound
For euery blockiſh ſottiſh *Pate* to ſound)
Produce ſome *monſter*: ſome rare *ſpectacle*:
Some ſeauen yeares *Wonder*: Ages *miracle*:
Bee it a worke of nere ſo ſleight a waight,
It is recorded vp in *Metre* ſtraight,

And counted purchaſe of no ſmall renowne,
To heare the *Praiſe* ſung in a Market-towne.
How many *Volumes* lye neglected thruſt
In euery Bench-hole? euery heape of duſt?
Which from ſome *Gowries* practiſe, *Powder* plot,
Or *Tiburne Lectur's*, all their ſubſtance got:
Yet toſſe our Time-ſtalles you'll admire the rout
Of careleſſe feareleſſe *Pamphlets* flye about.
Bookes, *made of* Ballades: Workes, *of* Playes,
Sightes, *to be* Read *of my* Lo: Maiors *day's*:
Poſt's, *lately ſet forth*: *Bearing* (*their Backe at*)
Letters, *of all ſorts*: *An intollerable Packet.*
Villains diſcouery, *by Lanthorn and Candle-light*:
(*ſtrange if the author ſhould not ſee it to hādle right*)
A Queſt *of* Inquirie: (Iacke a Douer's)
The Ieſts *of* Scoggin; *and diuers others*
(*which no man Better the* Stationer *knowes*)
Wonderfull Writers; Poets *in* Proſe.

Satyres.

What poſte pin'd *Poets* that on each baſe *Theame*,
With Inuocations vexe *Apollo's* name.
Springes for Woodcockes: Doctor Merriman:
Rub and a good Caſt: Taylor *the Ferriman.*
Fennor, *with his* Viniſounding Eare word;
The vnreaſonable Epigramatiſt of Hereford:
Rowland *with his* Knaues *a murriuall*;
Non worth the calling for, a fire burne em all:
And number numberleſſe that march (vntolde)
Mongſt *Almanacks* and *Pippins*, to be ſolde.

Apologie.

THeſe *Ill* which better *Dare* thē know to *wrig*
Makes thoſe (I know) not *dare* w better migh
For who iſt now attempts to Print, but knowes,
He muſt be one or cenſured on, of *Thoſe*!

For my part (Gallants) it was nere my hap,
On high *Pernaſſus Top*, to take a nap:
Or the Diuine *Nine* ſiſters *Fount* to ſee:
Whence I might ſteale a ſip of *Poetry*.
Theſe *Idle Verſes* (which I *Idly* made)
None but the *Idle* I requeſt to read:
Then what *Applauſe* looke I for, all may gueſſe,
When none may *looke* for *Praiſe* from *Idlenes*.

Finis Saty: Primæ.